THE REPUBLICAN.

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Beaver Gen'l James A. Mch 11

CHAUTAUQUA IS READY TO OPEN HERE TODAY

Local Committee Hustling to Dispose of Season Tickets.

FINE PROGRAM BILLED

Series of Interesting Features and Entertainments Scheduled for Each Afternoon and Evening Until Wednesday of Next Week.

The big Chautauqua about which Bellefonte has been talking for several months opens today at the commons of the High School, the formal opening being scheduled for 2.30 o'clock. From that hour until and including Wednesday evening of next week there will be presented a program of especially high class features. The last few days have witnessed renewed efforts on the part of the local committee to dispose of sufficient course tickets to cover the guarantee of $1400. The committee was under contract to turn over this amount to the Chautauqua managers yesterday.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, whose welfare work for boys has attracted world-wide attention and who was scheduled as one of the speakers, will be here, according to the understanding of the local committee. The Chautauqua managers have billed W. T. Ellis, the well known lecturer, writer and traveler. Mr. Ellis was at one time a member of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia "Press." He is at present a contributing editor to several large publications. He takes the place of Dr. N. M. Waters, who is ill. The program for the Chautauqua follows:

FIRST DAY, JULY 17.

2.30—Opening.

3.00—Band Concert,—Florentine Concert Band, with Miss Melicent Melrose, Soprano.

4.15—Series Lecture, Prof. I. A. Downey.

7.30—Full Concert—Florentine Band and Miss Melrose.

9.00—Motion Picture—Something different, something worth while.

SECOND DAY, JULY 18.

2.30—Series Leclure, Prof. I. A. Downey.

3.30—Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers—seven singers in costume, giving native songs.

7.30—Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers.

8.00—Frank Dixon—A great lecture and a great lecturer.

9.15—Motion Pictures.

THIRD DAY, JULY 19.

2.30—Series Lecture, Prof. I. A. Downey.

3.30—Brodbeck-Such Concert Company.

4.00—Lecture-Recital—"The Joy of Living." Paul M. Pearson.

7.30—Brodbeck-Such Concert Company.

8.00—The Wonders of Science; Reno B. Welbourne—A great illustrated lecture with remarkable experiments.

9.15—Motion Pictures.

FOURTH DAY, (Children's Day,) JULY 20.

2.30—Series Lecture, Prof. I. A. Downey.

5.50—The Dietrichs—Music & Magic.

4.00—Rosani—Prince of Jugglers.

7.30—The Deitrichs.

8.00—Dickens Impersonations—William Sterling Battis. (In costume, make-up and monologue.)

9.15—Motion Pictures.

FIFTH DAY, JULY 21.

2.30—Series Lecture, Prof. I. A. Downey.

3.30—Commonwealth Quartet—Interpretation with voice, costume and action.

8.30—Commonwealth Quartet.

9.30—Motion Picttures.

SIXTH DAY, JULY 22.

2.30—Children's Play.

3.00—Fellows' Opera Quartet—A notable company, presenting scenes from grand and comic opera.

3.30—W. T. Ellis.

7.30—Fellows' Opera Quartet.

9.00—Motion Pictures.

Special Sunday Program, (admission free to be arranged in co-operation with the local committee,

Received Increase.

The employees of the American Lime & Stone Co. have been granted an increase of 1½c per hour. The increase was voluntary on the part of the company.

Episcopal Rector Dead.

Rev. John C Lewis, pastor of Trinity Episcopal church, at Tyrone, died at his late home at that place last week. Interment was made at Philadelphia.

The Charter for the Bellefonte Automobile Co. was received this week.

ROAD ROLLER UPSET.

Ponderous Piece of Machinery Turned Turtle Near Lemont.

A ponderous steam road roller slipped off the road near Lemont on Monday morning and while frightened workmen and spectators looked on rolled down an eight-foot embankment and landed upside down. Adam Kreamer was driving the machine at the time of the accident. For a few seconds the roller was enveloped in a cloud of steam and nobody was able to tell whether Mr. Kreamer had been caught under the roller and crushed to death. When the steam faded away he emerged from the wreckage uninjured.

The roller was being used on a stretch of State highway. Mr. Kreamer is an experienced and safe engineer, but he misjudged the strength of the side of the road and drove the roller too close to the edge. In an instant the heavy roller started to slide over the embankment and it never stopped until it had turned turtle and landed at the bottom.

In Camp at Gettysburg.

Mr. Editor—I thought I would tell you something about Gettysburg. I spent a week in camp and it was one of the greatest camps that ever has been or will be held. The Yanks and the Johnnies were as brothers when they met on the streets, and arm in arm they fought the old battle over and over again, only this time the fighting was without arms. I don't think the government could have used the boys any better and no distinction was made between the North and South. On the Fourth of July we had fried chicken and ice cream for dinner and the Johnnies said they didn't get that fifty years ago.

The Gettysburg boys are all home again and everybody is happy. With the exception of a few who possibly do not realize the amount of trouble involved in placing the comrades in quarters for such an occasion all seemed to have enjoyed themselves. Of course, there were too many coming to headquarters at one time for all to be quickly and properly assigned to their respective quarters, but there were plenty of tents for everybody and all they had to do was to get a blanket and crawl into the nearest unoccupied tent and remain for the night and then hunt up their regular quarters after having a good rest. One needed but to go to the cook tent for plenty of wholesome rations. In fact, some of the things handed out were just a little bit better than all of us are accustomed to get at home every day in the year. There was lots of good coffee, soft bread, hard tack and butter, fried and boiled eggs, sliced tomatoes, sauer kraut, roast beef, fried liver, pork and beans, chicken, rice pudding and ice cream. Who of you have more on your table at home any week? I know I have not. Even so there were some who were not satisfied. I went to Gettysburg encampment expecting to put up with almost anything for a few days, but was agreeably mistaken. I never had a better time. Some people have little to eat at home, or are too stingy to buy it, and when they are away from home, as to Gettysburg, they want much for nothing. Our government and State and the Pennsylvania Railroad are to be congratulated for the way they fed us, tented us and transported us to and from the battlefield. The Pennsylvania Railroad is to be congratulated for the admirable manner in which the crowd was handled, especially at Harrisburg.

JOSHUA R. PHEASANT

Mt. Eagle, July 14, 1913.

Found Purse at Gettysburg.

John B. McKee, a Civil war veteran from Altoona, employed as a watchman at the Capital, at Harrisburg, while attending the encampment and reunion at Gettysburg found a purse containing $97 and a number of papers of value to the owner. Mr. McKee made every effort possible to locate the owner but was unsuccessful. He has placed the purse in a vault at Harrisburg in the hope that he may eventually learn the name of the owner and restore the money and papers.

Williams Family Reunion.

The Pennsylvania Railroad band, of Tyrone, has been engaged to play at the fourteenth annual Williams family reunion, which will be held in the grove of John Q. Miles, near Martha, on Saturday, August 16th. A large crowd is expected to attend. The Williams reunion is always one of the most delightful events of the year in the Bald Eagle valley.

Ladies to Hold Festival.

The ladies of the Buffalo Run Presbyterian church will hold a festival on Saturday, next, at Hunter's Park, on the occasion of the Resides family reunion. The festival will be continued in the evening in the church building, nearby the park. All are cordially invited.

Popular Primaries for all Offices.

Governor Tener last Saturday signed the State-wide primary bill and from now on State conventions are a thing of the past and all nominations, including United States Senators and Governor, will be made directly by the people. The new law becomes effective at once and Superior Court judges, two of whom are to be elected next November, will be nominated in this manner. Some of the most important provisions of the new law are as follows:

State Committeemen shall be elected by popular vote and shall have the power to elect National Committeemen unless the party rules provide otherwise.

Under the terms of the act a political party is defined as follows: An organization polling in each of at least 10 counties, not less than 2 per cent. of the largest entire vote of any elected candidate in each of said counties and polling a total in the State equal to 2 per cent. of the largest vote in the State for any elected State candidate.

A political party in a county is: Any organization that polls at the preceeding municipal or general election at least 5 per cent. of the largest vote cast for any elected candidate in the county.

Hereafter the spring primary shall be on the third Tuesday in May in even numbered years, and the fall primary shall be on the third Tuesday of September in odd numbered years.

Next primary dates are September 16, 1913, and May 19, 1914.

This act does not apply to nominations to fill all vacancies at special elections, unless such special electiong shall be held on the same day as the regular elections. Otherwise nominations are to made under party rules.

Delegates and alternates to national conventions must be elected at the spring primary only. State committeemen must be elected first at the fall primary of 1913, but thereafter at the spring primaries. However State committeemen, now in office who have been elected by county committees shall hold over until 1914.

When a county consists of more than one Senatorial district (as in Philadelphia) the city or county committeemen from the particular district in which a vancancy exists shall fill the vacacancy and not the entire county or city committee.

The State chairman of each party, on the ninth Tuesday before the spring primary, must notify the county commissioners of every county as to what party offices are to be filled at the spring primary. County chairmen must do the same on the ninth Tuesday before each fall primary. The date for this year will be Tuesday, July 15.

All nominations petitions must be signed by enrolled voters of the party on whose primary ballot the petition intends to place a name. Each signer can sign but one petition, unless more than one person is to be elected for the same office; then he may sign for as many as he could vote for at the election. Each signer must give his occupation, residence and date of signing. Each sheet of the petition must have attached to it an affidavit of some person, not necessarily a signer and not necessarilly the same person on each sheet, setting forth that he is an elector of the division referred to in the petition, giving his residence, stating that the signers knew what they were signing, that all residences on that sheet are correctly stated, that each signer signed on the date after his name and that the signers are all qualified electors of the party for which they are making a nomination.

No petition can be circulated prior to 60 days before the last day for filing petitions. No signature shall be counted unless it bears a date within this limit.

The first day for filing petitions for this fall's primaries has already passed, and petions may be gotten out immediately.

The first day for next year for State officers will be February 21, 1914. The first day next year for county officers will be February 28, 1914.

Nominating petitions for President, United States Senators, Congressmen and all State officers and delegates to national conventions must be filed with the Secretary of the Commonwealth four weeks prior to the primary.

Last day for Superior Court Judges this year, August 19, 1913.

Last day for above-named officers next year, April 21, 1914.

Petitions in all other cases for all other offices must be filed three weeks prior to the primary.

Last day for all county offices this year, August 26, 1913.

Last day for all other State offices next year, April 28, 1914.

The number of signers for President and United States Senators shall be 100 in each of at least 10 counties.

For State offices to be filled by the State-at-large, or for delegate or alternate-at-large to National Convention, 100 in each of at least five counties.

For Congress, for District National delegate and for all Judges, except Supreme and Superior Court Judges, and for State Senators, 200 in the district in which the candidate is standing.

For State Representative, for State Committeeman, or for any county, or city office, 100 in the county or district.

For inspectors of election, 5 in the division.

For all other party offices, 10 in the district.

Concerning the validity of nomination papers the act provides: That petitions can be set aside only for material errors or for errors of affidavit.

That a petition may be declared invalid for material alterations made after signing without the consent of the signers, or for the want of a sufficient number of signers; but the invalidity of one sheet shall not affect the validity of the whole petition, provided the other sheets contain a sufficient number of valid signers.

Last day for filing objections to petitions shall be five days after the filing of the petitions. This year, August 25, 1913. Next year, April 27, 1914.

Candidates for all party offices must be qualified electors of the party.

Each candidate for a State, county or city office must file an affidavit, giving his residence, the office he seeks a statement of his eligibility and that he has not violated any election laws, chosen by plurality votes, and in case of a tie lots shall be drawn.

Each candidate is entitled to two watchers.

Withdrawals must be made before 4 P. M. on the Friday next succeeding the last day for filing nomination petitions.

Last day for withdrawals this year, before the Secretary of the Commonwealth, August 22, 1913. Last day next year, April 24, 1914.

Last day for withdrawals before the County Commissioners: This year, August 29, 1913; next year May 1, 1914.

The primary election officers shall receive the same compensation as they received at the general lection.

On the ballot the county in which the candidate resides must be printed after his name, where he is standing in a district, where there is more than one county. Where a candidate is to be voted for within a county his ward number must be printed after his name.

Primary ballots shall be open from 7 A. M until 7 P. M. Saloons must be closed from 6 A. M. until 8 P. M.

A ballot must not be rejected by the election officers unless it is absolutely impossible to determine the choice of the voter. A whole ballot must not be thrown out because of a mistake upon one office but only on the particular office where the mistake is made shall be rejected.

Five electors, upon sworn petition to the Court of Common Pleas, may obtain a recount.

New penalties provided by the act are: A fine of $100 for presenting false names on nomination papers: a fine of $500 and one year's imprisonment for violation of the provision forbidding a policeman, either in uniform or not, going within 100 feet of the polling place, except to vote or to quell disturbance.

Assistance to voters shall be given only on affidavit that the voter cannot read or has physical disability which would prevent him marking the ballot.

A voter when challenged must swear that he voted at the last election for a majority of the candidates of the party for whose ballot he asks.

In this respect the new law makes an important change, namely: that the group of Presidential electors shall count only as two in computing a majority of the candidates of a party.

KILLED ON RAILROAD

John Kline, a Mute, Hit by Train Last Night Near Hecla Park.

John Kline, a mute, was last night run down and killed at Dunkles station, below Hecla Park, on the Central Railroad of Penna.

Kline was struck by the evening passenger train which leaves Bellefonte at 6.35. He did not hear the train as it approached, and was run down in the gathering darkness.

The unfortunate man was employed by Charles Lee, a farmer.

Social at Pine Grove.

The ladies of the Pine Grove Mills Reformed church will hold an old-fashioned social on Saturday evening next at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Meyers, at Pine Grove, to which all are cordially invited.

Doctors to Have Outing.

The medical societies of Centre, Clinton and Lycoming counties will hold an outing at the Clinton Country Club, near Lock Haven, on Friday, August 8th.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Luther D. Fye et ux to Agnes P. Rupp, tract of land in State College; $350.

Thomas Lons et ux to William N. Gross, tract of land in Spring twp.; $100.

John L. Holmes et ux to Irving L. Foster, tract of land in Ferguson twp.; $250.

Emma L. Auman et bar to E. L. Auman Milling Co., tract of land in Millheim boro; $1.

Thomas Foster et al to Robert A. Caughey, tract of land in College twp.; $400.

Joseph Gill to Mary Gill, tract of land in Philipsburg; $1.

Michael Gill to Joseph Gill, tract of land in Philipsburg; $1.

Robert Glenn et ux to Nancy G. Brower, tract of land in Benner twp.; $700.

Robert Glenn et ux to Nancy G. Brower, tract of land in Benner twp.; $15.

Elizabeth Gardner to W. H. Thompson, tract of land in Howard boro, $1025.

Abraham Weber et al to Penna Railroad Co., tract of land in Howard twp.; $800.

Rosanna C. Rogers to Samuel D. Matthews, tract of land in Centre county; $1.

Rosanna C. Rogers to Samuel D. Matthews, tract of land in Centre county; $1.

Wm. C. Heinle to John W. Nudgett, tract of land in Huston twp.; $1.

MR. SEBRING SUSTAINED

Judge Baldrige Decides He Did Not Influence D. Miles Buck Will.

Judge Baldrige, in the Blair County court, last week handed down an opinion in which he held that John P. Sebring, of Bellefonte, had not exercised improper influence in the drawing of the will of the late D. Miles Buck, a brother-in-law. In the will Mr. Buck bequeathed his estate to Sebring. The court was asked to sustain an appeal taken from the decision of the Register of Wills in admitting the will to probate and to award an issue to determine whether Mr. Buck was of unsound mind at the time he made the will, which was 18 years prior to his death, and also whether Mr. Sebring had improperly influenced him in its preparation. The appeal was taken out by Mrs. W. A. Stephens, a sister of Mr. Buck.

In his opinion Judge Baldrige said that no evidence could be found that Mr. Sebring had improperly influenced the preparation of the will and that it had been made quite clear that the testator for years had an unkindly feeling toward the husband of the contestant. For a number of years Mr. Buck made his home with Mr. Sebring. In the last three years of his life he resided with Mr. and Mrs. Stephens. It was brought out at the hearing that Mr. Buck went alone to his lawyer's office to dictate the provisions of the will and personally had asked two friends to witness the document. No evidence was produced to show that Mr. Sebring had discussed with Mr. Buck how his property should be disposed of. The court, therefore, dismissed the appeal.

SIM BAUM WEDS.

Married to Miss Myrtle Williams, of Lemont, at Harrisburg.

Sim Baum, of Bellefonte, and Miss Myrtle Williams, of Lemont, were married at Harrisburg on Tuesday. They have taken apartments at the Brockerhoff House.

The groom is a son of Abram Baum and is head of the Sim the Clothier stores in Bellefonte and State College. His bride is a splendid young lady and is popular with a wide circle of friends.

Thirteenth Reformed Reunion.

The thirteenth annual reunion of the Reformed congregations of Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Howard and Nittany valley will be held at Hecla Park, Thursday, July 24. A special train will leave Bellefonte for the park at 8.15 a. m. and, returning, leave the park at 8.15 p. m. An interesting program has been arranged, with addresses in the morning by Rev. Mr. Hoover, of Hublersburg, and Rev. Mr. Zechman, of Howard. The afternoon will be devoted to games and amusements. All friends are cordially invited.

Fair for Forty Days?

Tuesday was St. Swithin's Day, and if the old adage holds good the next forty days will be equally bright and clear. The adage reads: "St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain, for forty days it will remain. St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair, for forty days 'twain rain na mair.'' Many persons pin their faith to St. Swithin's Day, but there is no record of either the rain or fair weather program holding good for forty consecutive days.

Paper Mill Buys Big Timber Tract.

The West Virginia Pulp and Paper company, controlled by the Luke interests, which have large operations at Tyrone, has closed a deal with interests controlled by ex-Sheriff Henry G. Davis and the heirs of Stephen A. Elkins for 10,000 acres of Virginia timber land in the Gailey mountain section of West Virginia, on the Upper Elk, for $750,000.

Died From Peritonitis.

Dr. Fred Kroft, of Tyrone, formerly of Osceola, a popular young brakeman on the Tyrone division, died on Thursday July 10th, at the Bellefonte hospital, of peritonitis. He was aged about 27 years, and is survived by his mother, two brothers and one sister, and a young wife and two little children.

Charged With Counterfeiting.

Hugh Sommers and his brother-in-law, T. W. Black, employed in the steel mills at Burnham, were arrested last Thursday charged with counterfeiting $5 and $10 gold pieces. The arrests were made by P. M. Tate, a Secret Service agent, and M. A. Davis, a Pennsylvania Railroad officer.

COMPOSITOR WANTED.

A compositor is wanted at The Republican office. Good wages.

There will be no evening services held in the Bellefonte Reformed church until further notice.

RAISE SANITY FEATURE TO EXCUSE THIEVING

Counsel For George Miller Halted Court Proceedings.

ASYLUM OR PRISON?

Judge Orvis to Decide on Saturday—Miller Had Pleaded Guilty to Robbing Heverly Home at Mt. Eagle and was Ready to Take Sentence.

Whether George Miller, the man who robbed the children's banks and took other articles from the E. E Heverly home at Mt. Eagle is of sound mind or not will guide Judge Orvis in disposing of his case. On Monday Miller waived the finding of the Grand Jury and entered a plea of guilty. Most persons supposed that he would receive sentence without delay, but Clement Dale, Esq., raised the point of Miller's sanity and the court decided to hold the matter in abeyance for four or five days.

Should there appear to be any doubt as to Miller being mentally responsible for his acts the court will appoint a committee in lunacy to investigate. If such a committee is named and reports that Miller is of unsound mind he will be confined in an asylum. On the other hand, should it appear that Miller is not insane but merely a confirmed thief he will be called for sentence, probably on Saturday, next. In the latter event he will likely go to the Western Penitentiary for several years.

William M. Boswer, proprietor of the Hugg Hotel, in Philipsburg, filed with the court his answer to a petition for a rule on him to show cause why his liquor license should not be revoked. Bowser is alleged to have sold liquor to minors and on this point his right to continue to hold a license is attacked. Judge Orvis will fix a day for taking testimony in the case.

FISHBURN STILL LEADS.

Continues to Hold First Place in Popular Clerks Contest.

Luther Fishburn, of Green's Pharmacy Co., continues to hold first place in the popular clerks' contest, being conducted by the Bush House Cigar Store. At the last count of the vote on Saturday night he was leading Miss Helen Robb by a margin of 149. Fishburn's total vote at that time was 7650, while Miss Robb had 7401. John Eckel, right hand man at Gettig's meat market, held up strongly in third place, his vote on Saturday night being 5861.

An interesting feature of the voting last week was the big advance scored by Miss Inez Cronemiller, the popular bookkeeper for R. B. Taylor. She polled such a heavy vote during the week that Saturday night's count advanced her from seventh to fourth place, her total vote at that time being 2031. The next count will be on Saturday night, July 19. The total vote for candidates at last Saturday night's count was as follows:

Luther Fishburn,	7650
Helen Robb,	7401
John Eckel,	5861
Inez Cronemiller,	2031
W. D. Shore,	1400
Mary Osmer,	1285
Harry Keeler,	278
E. E. Lane,	193
Thos. Shaughnessy, Jr.	111
Mary Connelly,	63
Julia Curtin,	54

Taylor Released from Jail.

John Taylor, who has been in jail with numerous charges against him, was released yesterday. He was originally sentenced for cruelty to animals, the sentence including a fine of $150. This Taylor arranged to pay by installments. For attempting to blow up a bridge he was fined $1 and costs. He was convicted at the last term of court for aiding "Beany" Meese to break jail. On this charge sentence was suspended.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice for the last week:

Miss Ella Confer, Peter S. Duncan, Geo. Hall, Mrs. Pearl Hawn, Philip R. Hurd, A. H. Lieb, Mrs. Wm. E. Musser, Mrs. Emma Showers, Swengle Smith; Foreign, Juro Horieno. When called for please say advertised.

Celebrated 68th Birthday.

Miles Dukeman, of Curtin, on Monday celebrated his 68th birthday anniversary. The happy event was made the occasion for a family reunion at the Dukeman home.

The Red Spot on the Water

A Story of the Borderland of Immortality

By F. A. MITCHEL

The day of witches, vampires, fairies and the like is over. We read of the Lorelei of the Rhine and peruse such poems as Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (the beautiful woman without mercy) or Heine's water fay, not because we believe either the woman or the fairy to have existed, but because of the sensations aroused by the weird pictures drawn.

Nevertheless there is a class of people among us who are not disposed to break down the barriers between the natural or the supernatural. And have we not societies for psychical research, composed of earnest and many of them extremely intelligent persons, who make it their business to gather information about supernatural appearances?

Personally I am neither convinced nor unconvinced as to the feasibility of such investigations, though I have had an experience calculated to throw me on the affirmative side. That experience I will give just as it occurred or, rather, as it communicated itself through my senses, leaving each reader to make for himself or herself an explanation to fit the case.

During the spring I worked hard in order to get ahead with my office duties that I might enjoy a vacation during the summer. Nevertheless when I left home about the 1st of July I never felt better in my life. I mention this because the state of one's health is an important factor in coming to an explanation of such happenings as the one that came to me. It is a well known fact that persons suffering from bodily ills are more apt to see ghosts than persons in good health.

The scene of my outing was on the coast of New Hampshire. I stayed at a hotel where there were a great many young ladies and but few young men. I thought at first that I would be in clover, but since I knew no one to introduce me I was obliged to see them going about in each other's company, ignoring me completely.

I was told afterward that there was scarcely any of them but would have been glad to meet a marriageable man, and I considered myself a fair specimen of a bachelor. Why I should have been so completely ostracized I don't know. I am of opinion that it was the spirit of clique so strong in these girls that it overpowered their natural disposition to mate.

After trying in vain to break through the shell that kept me away from them I undertook to amuse myself in other ways. I was fond of boating and spent a part of my time on the water. I took long walks. I did not bathe, for the water was too cold.

A few miles up the shore from my hotel was a cliff a hundred feet high. A path led around its edge, fenced by a rail over which one could look down. Immediately below was a flat rock surface against which the waves rolled, then deflected, pushed off in another direction, surged in through a cleft, then out again. All day long this process continued, and as I watched it I could not but wonder why. And why was I there looking down upon it? All was query, no answer.

Nevertheless the place was fascinating to me, and I went there often. One evening, when at twilight the great globe of the moon was rising out of the water, I thought I would like to go to the cliff and see it as it would appear under the different light. The young ladies of the hotel were walking in couples and platoons, with their arms around each other's waist, back and forth on the piazza, and as they saw me start off, evidently for a moonlight walk, I thought I could detect wistfulness in the faces of some who saw me depart. If any of them would have liked to be my companion she was obliged to restrain her desire, for she had not been introduced, and even if she had I did not belong to the set of her associates and she would have been shocked at herself to become intimate with any other.

The distance to the cliff was about three miles, and when I had traversed it I approached the rail cautiously, put a hand on it, then stood looking over. The moon was exactly in position to cast its rays into the recess in the rocks below. Slowly a wave, resembling for all the world a leviathan of the sea, would sluggishly lumber in, roll against the rock, seem astonished at having been stopped, swim over to a perpendicular surface on the other side, glance and move on into the cleft.

But what is that red spot on the water beside the rock? Is it an afghan, a shawl or some other wrap that has fallen from the cliff, or has it been washed in from some boat out on the ocean? So intent on it was I that I leaned over as far as I dare to get a better view of it. When a wave passing the place where it floated was in shadow the red spot was not visible; then when the moon struck full upon it it was like blood.

I was suddenly conscious of the presence of some one beside me. Why I know not, for I heard no sound, not a footstep nor even a person breathing. I drew back and turned my head. There, leaning upon the rail in the same position as I, was a young girl.

It occurred to me that she must be one of a party that had come—probably from the hotel where I was stopping—for a moonlight walk. I looked quickly over my shoulder for her companions, but saw no one. There were only the rocks here and there covered with verdure, the trees standing back, the path winding on eastward, the girl beside me, all bathed in the soft light of the moon. I was embarrassed at this being standing so near me at such an hour without the slightest appearance of reserve. I was trying to think of some remark, some question that would not sound brusque, when she broke the silence:

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful, but somehow just now there seems something awful about it. What is that red thing floating below? In certain lights it looks like blood."

"It *is* blood! Come away. It affects you unpleasantly."

She turned and walked back a short distance from the verge of the cliff. What could I do but follow her? She sat down on a rock surface that formed a convenient seat and such position as to make room for me beside her. Wonderingly I asked:

"Are you from the hotel where I am staying?"

"No," she said, but offered no word as to where she came from.

"I cannot imagine," I continued, "any of those young ladies coming here alone and at this hour."

"There is not sufficient to tempt them to break through the conventional forms that bind them. Perhaps it is well that they do not. I stayed at one of the hotels hereabout one season and was bound by the same code as they are bound. I pined for freedom. I came here alone. I have been coming ever since."

"Why?"

"I cannot keep away."

There was silence between us for a few moments while I wondered. Presently I asked:

"And why can you not keep away?"

"Something happened. If I were to tell you what it is it would shock you. It would have shocked me had I known that it was to happen. For a brief space it filled me with horror. Then"—

She paused.

"No," she continued. "I am not here to increase your burden of life. I know that you have been looking forward for months to your outing and now that it has come you are disappointed. You see about you that companionship which would enable you to enjoy every moment of it, but between you and me it is that bedge of conventionality which you find impossible. I know what it is, for I was once fettered by it myself. Now it is nothing to me. I can go where I like, express what I feel. I am disenthralled. And to prove it I will tell you that tonight I come here to meet you."

"To meet me!"

"Yes. You do not know me, but I know you. Often I have seen you leaning over the rail looking down into the chasm. Every thought that passed through your brain vibrated in my being. You are nearer the line that divides the finite from the infinite than one mortal in millions, and when you look over the cliff down upon that scene, the sluggish waves following one another in never ending succession, you feel within you that which is akin to the infinite."

She paused while I looked at her in wonder, then added:

"And why have I come to you tonight—I who have seen you so often here? Why have I made myself known to you? I will tell you, and I am not ashamed to tell you, for I am absolutely pure. It is because I love you."

I have a dim remembrance of her rising and going to the cliff, of my following her and leaning on the rail beside her and looking down into the chasm. Then I was alone. The scene below was beautiful as before, and the red spot was gone.

I stood gazing on the water where it had been, now limpid, like the rest, while an awe crept over me. Then I cast glances about me for my companion and shuddered at the vacancy she had left. Then I was seized with a desire to get away from the place as quickly as possible.

I walked back to the hotel filled with emotions of which it would be impossible to afford the slightest inkling. All I can say is that they were such as I had never experienced before.

At the hotel I found no one to tell me anything about the cliff, but on one of my walks, stopping at a house for a cup of water, an old man told me there had been a special reason for placing the rail at the verge of the abyss. Years ago, when the region first became a summer resort, a farmer saw a girl standing there. He turned away his glance, and when he looked again she had disappeared. Going to the cliff, he looked down and saw what he at first supposed to be a red shawl floating on the water. Upon investigation it was discovered that the girl he had seen had fallen over the cliff, had struck the rock surface below and bounded off into the water. It was her blood that appeared to him like a red garment.

Until writing this I have kept my secret. First, I have shrunk from revealing it; secondly, I have not dared to do so for fear of being considered of unbalanced mind. I have never since visited the cliff, nor would I do so for the world. That which prevents me is having felt, while looking over it when the apparition led me back to it after telling that she loved me, an almost uncontrollable desire to throw myself down into the chasm.

While I do not pretend to assert that my experience may not have been the result of a temporary mental aberration, I cannot refrain from thinking that some mortals may have in them certain leanings toward the infinite to which the great mass of humanity are strangers.

When England Was Drunken.

In an article in the London Lancet on "Drunkenness and the Physiological Effect of Alcohol," Dr. Charles Mercer draws this picture of conditions in England before it became "a sober nation:" "In those days the doctor was often half seas over when he attended his drunken patient; judge, counsel and attorneys pursued their avocations in court in a prevailing atmosphere of hot coppers. The prime minister went drunk to the house of commons, where he was attacked by the leader of the opposition, also drunk, while order was kept by a speaker who was half seas over. There was no excise on spirits, and the coarser kinds of distilled liquors were ridiculously cheap. As you passed along the by streets of London, and perhaps of other great cities, you might read the legend hung out over the drink cellars, 'Here you may get drunk for a penny; dead drunk and clean straw for tuppence.'"

Long Distance Laundry.

Some of the smart set Frenchmen of today send their linen to London to be washed. Their ancestors used to go even further afield in search of good laundry work. So far back as the sixteenth century Frenchmen had their washing done in Holland, where the soft water of the dikes was supposed to impart a special gloss to linen. This practice appears to have lasted until the close of the eighteenth century, for Sebastian Mercier, in his "Tableau de Paris," published shortly before the French Revolution, protests against the patronage by the rich of the Dutch, to the exclusion of native laundresses. Still more remarkable is the fact mentioned in the "Memoires du Comte de Vaublanc," that wealthy merchants in Bordeaux used to send their linen all the way to San Domingo to be washed. —London Tatler.

A Spool Trick.

Run a pin its whole length through the middle of a card. Place the card on the end of a spool in such a way as to allow the pin to hang down in the hole in the spool. Hold the spool upright and blow into the open end. However hard you blow, you will not be able to force the card away. If you blow steadily you can even turn the spool downward and the card will still refuse to drop.

The card is held in place by suction. The thin film of air escaping with much force in all directions between the end of the spool and the card presents a smooth surface to which the card adheres as it would to glass, but with greater force, for the film of air is even smoother than glass. The pin serves only to prevent the card from working off at one side.—Youth's Companion.

An Elusive Painting.

I. Carroll Beckwith, the artist, once told a story about a weird painting he happened to run across in a little art shop in Paris. He looked at it for some time with interest, thinking it to be a design for a Persian rug.

"What a nice hearth rug!" he remarked appreciatively to the saleswoman.

"Nonsense!" replied she. "That's not a hearth rug. That's a portrait!" And she proceeded to point out hands and features in what to Beckwith was simply a bewildering mass of paint.

"Do you really see all that?" asked Beckwith with admiration.

"Oh, as to seeing it," answered the saleswoman, "you never can tell. Sometimes we see it and sometimes we don't."—New York Post.

Asphalt and an Accident.

Asphalt, with which so many roads are paved, was found by accident. Many years ago in Switzerland natural rock asphalt was discovered, and for more than a century it was used for the purpose of extracting the rich stores of bitumen it contained. In time it was noticed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagons and were crushed by the wheels formed a marvelously fine road surface when assisted by the heat of the sun. A proper road of asphalt rock was then made, following upon the discovery, and in 1854 an experimental roadway was laid in Paris. From that time the use of rock asphalt for the making of roads and pavements has increased and extended to many countries.

He Could Dodge.

"There's nothing slow about Jones," he said reflectively.

The other laughed scornfully.

"I guess you never loaned him any money," he said.

"Oh, yes, I have," replied the first speaker. "That's what made me speak that way. I loaned him $10 six months ago, and I haven't been able to catch him since."

Willie Explains.

"Willie," said the teacher, "is there any difference between the words 'sufficient' and 'enough?'"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "'Sufficient' is when mamma thinks I've eaten enough pie, and 'enough' is when I think I have eaten sufficient."—Chicago News.

A Little Bit Late.

Briggs—Everybody should lay up something for a rainy day. Griggs—True. But too many wait until it begins to sprinkle before starting to do so.—Boston Transcript.

Gluck's Operas.

In opera writing Gluck established the tradition of five acts to each work, with ballets in the second and fourth acts.

Arrogance dims the luster of the most brilliant intellect and dulls the edge of the sharpest wit.

Japanese Food Boxes.

"Japanese dishes fail to satisfy American cravings," says an officer in the United States army. "Imagine a diet without milk, bread, butter, jam, coffee, salad or any sufficient quantity of nicely cooked vegetables, without pudding, stewed fruit and with comparatively little fresh fruit. The European vegetarian will find as much difficulty in making anything out of it as the ordinary meat eater. Along the main railroad artery neat little boxes of Japanese food (bento) are offered for sale at the principal stations at a cost of 7½ cents; also pots of tea, including teapot and earthen teacup, for 2 cents. The bento may contain in neat separate compartments prawn fish, chicken, rice, preserved ginger, johnnycake, omelette, a broiled mushroom, a slice of radish, glazed beans, kind of sweet pickle, tripe, a slice of cooked chestnut, licorice, etc. The bento is inviting to the eye, is garnished in green, is neatly wrapped and the contents varied as the resources of the locality admit."—New York Mail.

A Famous Window.

York minster, in addition to its many other notable features, contains one of the most remarkable windows in the world—the east window, which is the largest in England, except that in Gloucester cathedral. It is seventy-five feet high and thirty-five feet broad. The window is divided into 200 compartments, all of which illustrate leading events in sacred history. Each pane of glass is three feet square, the figures measuring two feet four inches high. The upper part is filled with beautiful tracery and is divided from the lower by the narrow stone gallery which runs across. John Thornton of Coventry began the window in the year 1405. The ancient glazing, all of which he executed with his own hands, stands unequaled to the present day, and for this enormous task he received as wages 4 shillings a week for three years and £10 on completing his work to the satisfaction of the cathedral authorities.—London Graphic.

When Photography Was New.

When photography first began they used wet plates and a sitting required eight or nine minutes. A man once went to be taken, and the photographer put in his wet plate, demanded perfect immobility and took off the cap.

During the long exposure the photographer left the room a moment. On his return everything seemed to be going all right. But when the exposure ended and he rushed to his closet to develop the wet plate there was nothing on it but a blur.

Very much disgusted, he showed this blur to the sitter.

"You must have moved," he said.

The sitter looked at the spoiled plate and laughed in amazement.

"Well, I declare," he said; "who'd have thought that just running over to the window for a minute to see a drunken man would have done all that? I sat right down again."—Minneapolis Journal.

Baldness.

Men get bald more frequently than women, according to Dr. Guelpa of Paris, because they wear hard, heavy hats, they cut their hair too short and they eat more than women. Dr. Guelpa says the scalp is like soil and the hair like the vegtation that grows upon it. When the scalp is neglected the hair does not grow and its roots die, just as grass dies when the soil is poor. A heavy, hard hat constricts the blood vessels that nourish the scalp. Clipping the hair short leaves its tender roots at the mercy of cold, heat and dust. The oil that exudes from around the roots of the hairs and keeps them nourished is coagulated by the cold and chokes up the matrix in which the hair is formed.—New York World.

Cautious Courtship.

A Scottish farmer's son had the misfortune to fall in love with two young ladies at once. The one was a tall, strapping girl, while the other was small and slim. The puzzled lover at last asked his father's advice. "Well," said his father, "there's sae muckle machinery used in farmin' nowadays that a big, active wife is no' o' muckle use, so I advise ye to tak' the little ane. She'll eat less, onyway!"

Paragon of Parrots.

Customer—But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language. Dealer—'Es a saint, lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but if you'll believe me, lady, this 'ere bird converted the lot.—London Bystander.

Conscientious.

McAlister—'Tis threepence I'm owin ta ye, meenister. The fact is, I'm a conscientious mon, and I pit naethin' in the plate on Sunday. The smallest I had wi' me was a saxpence, and I didna theenk the sairmon was up ta it —Dundee Advertiser.

Defining an Epigram.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is an epigram?"

"An epigram," replied Mr. Growcher, "is usually a brief but commonplace remark made by somebody who has been well advertised." — Washington Star.

Judging a Man by His Clothes.

"What a mistake it is to judge men by their clothes!"

"Yes. I know a self made millionaire who dresses as well as any of the clerks in his establishment."—Judge.

Make your environment lest your environment unmakes you.

Knots and Hours.

Nine persons out of ten will say that such and such a steamship is capable of steaming at "twenty-five knots per hour." A nautical man would simply say "twenty-five knots." Now, which is correct? The latter, of course. The mistake arises from the fact that the landsman thinks that a "knot" is just the nautical term for a "sea mile," which is, roughly, 6,080 feet, or about one and one-eighth land or statute miles. Now, a knot is not a distance at all; it is a speed. The word "speed" combines distance and time. For instance, if we wish to speak of the speed of a train we refer to it as so many miles per hour. There is no single word in the language to express speed limits, so we must use two words —miles and hour.

The sailor has a language peculiar to himself, and he has invented a single word for a unit of speed. Thus a speed of one nautical mile per hour is called one "knot." Hence it is redundant to tack on another "per hour" after the word knot when the word already includes one "per hour."—London Tit-Bits.

Some Shots at "Haste."

Hurry usually leads to error. The motto of Baron Plunket was "Hasten slowly." Churchill said, "The more haste ever the worst speed;" Boileau, "Hasten slowly and without losing heart put your work twenty times upon the anvil." "Haste maketh waste," said Heywood. "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry," is from John Wesley. Richard III. mumbled, "Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste." He would have made a successful farmer. This is Seneca: "Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops itself;" Tennyson, "Raw haste, half sister to delay."

Life for delays and doubts no time does give.
None ever yet made haste enough to live.

That bright couplet was written by Cowley. Listen to Bulwer-Lytton:

Business dispatched is business well done.
But business hurried is business ill done.

Women Soldiers.

In several cases Prussian women were most capable as soldiers, able to command and ready to obey, as well as being able to withstand the hardships of campaigning. To cite some instances, Maria Warder, a woman of Silesia, was allowed to serve as a hussar in the same regiment as her husband, who was a wealthy landowner. She was wounded in several engagements and saw her husband shot dead by her side at Leipzig.

Eleonora Prochaska is one of the better known of these heroines. She engaged under the name of Carl Renz in the Light horse when only eighteen, and several poets have written of her courage and of her death just before the battle of Leipzig. A monument stands to her memory in the cemetery at Potsdam.—London Standard.

Seal Stair Builders.

How seals cut steps in the perpendicular sides of ice cakes in order to rise from the water for the purpose of breathing has been recorded by members of Captain Scott's antarctic expedition. It was discovered that the seals, which formerly were supposed to leave the water by leaping, actually cut steps in the slippery surface with the great canine or eye teeth. As soon as the teeth are placed in position the head is moved rapidly from side to side until the ice has been cut away sufficiently to afford a footing for the front flippers of the animal. Each step has to be laboriously cut after this fashion until the body is far enough out of the water to be thrust up the rest of the way by a kick of the hind flippers.—New York Press.

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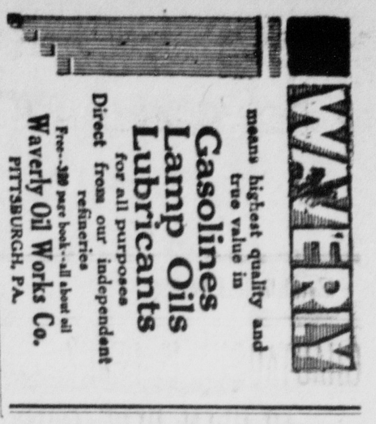

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Obliging Juryman

He Had Just Time to Serve Before Taking a Train

By ELLSWORTH TOWNSEND

I like to talk with John Atherton, a retired detective friend of mine, for he has a fund of incidents that occurred during the days of his active service that I find interesting. Some of them happened to him personally, and some were told him by his fellow craftsmen during idle hours. This is one of Atherton's stories that especially pleased me from the ingenuity and assurance perpetrated by a rogue:

There are two ways by which crooks work, the one with, the other without confederates. Both ways have their advantages. A man who works alone doesn't have the fear of being betrayed by his pal, for where one is offered an easy letting off from a hard sentence if he will squeal he is pretty liable to squeal. But a man who has a confederate can do what one man can't do alone.

In one way crook pals will usually stand by each other. When one is in danger the other will do all in his power and take considerable risks to help him out. I was once put on a job to track down a man called Jerry Wilson, who was in the confidence department of roguery. Wilson usually worked countrymen. He was one of the most accomplished swindlers I ever met. He had been an actor and was proficient in the art of making up. We would hear of him one day passing as a stockbroker, at another as a clergyman and again as a cotton planter with a perfect southern dialect. Of course we didn't know at the time that these were one and the same man, but we often suspected it and in time learned it from Wilson himself.

One day a countryman reported at police headquarters that he had been victimized by a man who passed himself off for an Englishman. The countryman had come from England twenty years before and had never become Americanized. Englishmen seldom become naturalized. You will find thousands of them in this country, and other countries for that matter, who have become old men and not seen England since they were children and are still British subjects.

The man who picked him up doubtless heard him speak with his British lingo, had stepped up to him and hailed him as a fellow countryman. One born, he said, under the British flag and once accustomed to the home accent could always be placed as an Englishman. Then he launched out on the demerits of this "bloody country" and won the farmer's heart completely.

A confidence man becomes very expert in drawing out information from a greenhorn, and the new acquaintance—Henderson he called himself—was evidently an adept at this work, for the farmer soon learned that they both came from the same county in England and from the same town and knew the same persons. Henderson, being a later arrival, gave his former fellow townsman lots of information as to what had become of many of his old friends—who were living and who were dead and who had married. The result was a friendly drink at a "public," as they call a saloon in England, followed by a friendly game, with the consequent transfer of several hundred dollars of the farmer's money to the pockets of Mr. Henderson, who, when he had drained his fellow countryman's resources, slipped out through a back door.

Well, we got on to Mr. Henderson, but were deficient in proof. The farmer's testimony might have been met by an alibi and other subterfuges, and I decided to capture him at his own game. Having located him, I stood near him and, adopting the British accent, began to talk about dear old Merrie England. The fellow chimed in, and we were soon hobnobbing together. I had my pocketbook stuffed with marked bills, which passed into my countryman's possession. Then I tipped a confederate the wink, and together we took him in.

There couldn't have been a surer case against a man than that, could there? From facts I gathered and the man's ability to personate different characters I believed I had got the slippery Wilson, and I intended to put him where he would trouble the public no longer. In making up a jury to try him we got nine good men, when somehow we couldn't get any further. Some were exempt and some had sufficient excuses. When we got the eleventh man so much time had been lost that the judge was getting impatient. A gentlemanly looking man in the courtroom said that if the trial would not occupy much time he would help us out. He was immediately served with a summons, accepted and sworn in.

The trial didn't require or it was not given a long time. The evidence was perfect, and the conviction was considered a mere matter of form. Besides, there was the gentleman who had volunteered to serve on the case provided he would not be long detained. After he had been sworn in he told the judge that he was really exempt, but would not claim exemption provided he was assured that he would in every probability be discharged within a couple of hours since he was waiting for a train that would leave at the expiration of that time. I think the judge must have had an engagement himself, for he seemed to be in a hurry. He held a consultation with the prisoner's attorney—whom he had assigned to defend him—who said that he had little or no evidence for the prisoner and did not think what he had would require ten minutes to bring it out. Upon this the judge told the obliging juryman that he was very sure he would have plenty of time to make his train.

"I'm glad of that, your honor," said the gentleman. "There's nothing I dread so much as waiting for anything, especially for a train."

The judge's opinion as to the period of the trial proved quite correct. For awhile it seemed that it would be put through at railroad speed. The charge was read to the prisoner, and he was asked to plead. He said he was a British subject and asked if that would make any difference. When told that it would not he pleaded not guilty.

I gave my account of how I had trapped him, and his victim testified against him. The accused declared that he was a British subject from Australia and if his home were not so far away he could easily prove his respectability. The twelfth juryman impaneled asked him a few questions about Australia, which he answered evidently to the juryman's satisfaction. But this didn't cut any figure because it didn't matter where he came from. We had the deadwood on him.

We expected the jury to convict him without leaving their seats, but they didn't. Then we thought they might be half an hour, but the half hour passed, and they didn't come back. The judge went home to dinner, leaving instructions to be called when a verdict was reached. He wasn't called.

The jury remained out the rest of the day and all night. In the morning they sent word that they would like to be discharged since they couldn't agree. This made the judge angry, and he sent back word that the evidence was absolutely convincing and they must agree. Indeed, they were given to understand that they must bring in a verdict or they would be kept where they were till the crack of doom. They stood out till about 10 o'clock the second night, then sent word that they had come to an agreement. The judge was summoned, and they filed into court. The judge asked the customary questions.

"Have you arrived at a verdict?"

"We have, your honor."

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the charge?"

"Not guilty."

"What!"

"Not guilty, your honor."

There was nothing to do in accordance with the law except to discharge them. Convinced that there had been some rascality practiced, I stationed myself at the door and scrutinized every man as he went out. I noticed that the twelfth juryman, who had volunteered, led the rest out of the courtroom, and I heard him descending the stairs three steps at a time.

I was convinced that he had imposed on us all with a view to getting on the jury, then standing out for an acquittal. I learned that he had told his fellow jurymen that he had lived in Australia and had known the prisoner there and could vouch for his being a respected citizen of Melbourne. He was sure that he had been mistaken for some one else and would not on any account vote for a conviction. Not until the others became convinced that the man was not to be moved did they conclude to bring in a verdict of not guilty rather than disagree and subject the state to the expense of another trial.

There was no way of holding the man who had been tried. He had been acquitted of the charge of which he was accused and could not be tried again for that crime. So we made a virtue of necessity and let him go.

Six months after this two men were arrested for confidence work. I went to the trial for information and a look at the prisoners, since it was my custom to keep track of the rogues brought in. The moment I looked at the prisoners I recognized both of them. One was the man who had swindled the farmer and whom I had supposed to be Jerry Wilson. The other—would you believe it?—was the twelfth juryman who had forced his acquittal.

But this was not all of my surprise. At the trial of the two men it came out that this twelfth juryman, who was willing to help us out if it didn't take too long, was none other than Jerry Wilson. He and the other man, Tom Murphy (and other names), had long worked confidence games together, and when his pal was in trouble Wilson had made himself up for a gentleman, had gone into the courtroom to watch the impaneling of the jury and in the nick of time had offered himself to help us out.

I confess that in all my experience I never knew a clearer case of one rogue standing by another. Wilson ran an awful risk. Had I known when he left the courtroom that he had single handed "hung" the jury I should have kept him in sight, trumped up a charge against him and held him till I could find out who he was. That he feared something of the kind was evident from the haste with which he got away.

After the conviction of the two men (they were sent up for twenty years) I visited Wilson in jail, and he told me much about his operations. He said that when he played the twelfth juryman trick he was more afraid of my getting on to it than any one else, for I had completely outwitted his pal with my marked bills. When he saw me station myself at the courtroom door to watch the outgoing of the jurymen he thought it was all up with him. The moment he reached the street he ran like a deer, entered an alley and was soon beyond capture.

Uncrowned Queens.

There have been seven uncrowned queens of England. The first was Margaret of France, the second wife of Edward I. Money was scarce in the government coffers at the time, and Edward could not afford the expense of a coronation. The four later wives of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn's successors—Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr—were never publicly crowned as queen consorts. Perhaps it was because Henry thought it would cause ridicule to have coronations occur as frequently as his marriages. Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., being a strict Catholic, refused to take part in a state function which would compel her to partake of the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Sophia Dorothea, the wife of George I. and mother of George II., was never recognized as queen of England and therefore cannot be classed as one of Britain's uncrowned queens. Caroline of Brunswick, the wife of George IV., was not permitted to be present in Westminster hall at his coronation.—London Mail.

Artificial Ears.

Artificial ears are so skillfully made that they may with difficulty be distinguished from natural ones, it is said. When the person who has lost an ear applies to the manufacturer for a substitute there is made a mold of the remaining ear. If there be left any part of the other a mold of that part also must be taken to assist in the fitting of the artificial. Manufacturers assert that no two ears are alike and that it takes a skillful workman to prepare an ear from the mold or molds. When finished, says Harper's Weekly, the new ear is pasted on the stump or simply set in the position of the lost ear. It is really only the first artificial ear that is expensive, the chief cost pertaining to the making of the mold. Vulcanized rubber, which can be bent and twisted, has been found to constitute the best material for the making of artificial ears.

The Two Fine Things of Life.

Because it is an elementary thing to do it requires courage to buy or build a house. Buy? Build? The universal head becomes a pendulum of warning. There are just two fine things open to most of us between the cradle and the grave. One is to marry and the other is to acquire a home, and the modern answer to both proposals is the same, "Don't," so greatly do men fear life, so exorbitantly do they purpose to enjoy it. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in "The Intellectual Life," pointed out that the invention of railways had resulted in a return to one of the most marked phases of barbarism, a nomadic life. Since he wrote we have invented the motorcar and the flat, and fixity of residence, which is a distinctive mark of civilization, has become its derision or despair.—London T. P's Weekly.

A Coaxer For Recruits.

Nowadays the authorities do not advertise so alluringly for recruits as they did in the past. A notice issued in 1801 by British authorities calls on men to join the light dragoons, in which regiment, they are informed, "you will be mounted on the finest horses in the world, with superb clothing and the richest accouterments; your pay and privileges are equal to 2 guineas a week; your society is courted; you are admired by the fair, which, combined with the chance of getting swished to a buxom widow or brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly enviable and desirable. Young men out of employment or otherwise uncomfortable, there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads to fortune. Nick it!"

Some Talkers.

A man once visited Niagara Falls, taking with him his wife and his wife's sister. Immediately on arriving and securing hotel quarters the party set out to see the wonderful sight, wifey and wifey's sister talking as they walked along on a million interesting subjects.

"Say, John," said wifey, turning to the old man after they had gone quite a distance, "aren't we getting near the falls?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply of John. "If you will stop talking a minute you will hear the thunder of the water quite plainly."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Reason and Instinct.

Inquiring Son—Papa, what is reason? Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right. Inquiring Son—And what is instinct? Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.—London Tit-Bits.

Worse Still.

Mother (to wriggling son across her knee)—I'll teach you to tie saucepans to dogs' tails.

"But, mother, it isn't our dog."

"No, I know it isn't our dog. But it's my saucepan, you young rascal."—London Mail.

His Definition.

A boy who was asked to describe a kitten said, "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever and stopping before it gets there."

A Restful Fall.

"I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for six hours."

"Really! Where did you fall?"

"I fell asleep."

Hard Luck.

Mrs. Dash—Mother says that she wants to be cremated. Dash—Just my luck! I haven't a match with me.—Smart Set.

Dealing With Thoughts.

No thought is ever lost. The dye of it stains the mind.

A love thought without the deed is better than a love deed that is not born of thought.

Thoughts are things. You are thoughts. The world is thoughts. Learn to deal with thoughts as with realities, and so to mold your life from within and not to have it shaped by the hazard from without.

"Life," said Marcus Aurelius, "is what our thought makes it," and the appeal of holy writ is, "Let the unrighteous man forsake his thoughts."—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World.

London's First Steam Bus.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who remembered when sedan chairs were used, remembered also and mentions in her reminiscences the first London steambus, which ran for the first time in 1833. The inventor was Walter Hancock, and the first appearance of the vehicle, a cumbersome affair named the "Era," created much excitement. It carried fourteen passengers and ran from Paddington to the bank at a charge of sixpence all the way. Its success led to the introduction of several other busses, but they were withdrawn in consequence of the turnpike acts of 1840.

Picturesque Importance.

Dumas was in an artist's studio once when a lady asked his advice about two famous pictures she had. She could not make up her mind whether to sell them or not, and she consulted Dumas.

"My good lady," said the novelist, "while you have these pictures you are an interesting personality. If you sell them you will be nobody. Keep them!"—Cri de Paris.

After the Storm.

"Daughter and her beau must have had a terrible quarrel."

"Why so, ma?"

"Five pounds of candy, a bunch of roses and two matinee tickets have just arrived."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Rival.

Jess—They went to the lake district on their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched. Bess—What was the trouble? Jess—George fell in love with the scenery.—Cleveland Leader.

About the Last.

Blobbs—When the time comes there are mighty few men who want to die. Slobbs—Yes; I guess it's about the last thing a man wants to do.—Philadelphia Record.

Either I will find a way or I will make one.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Causes of Cancer.

"Constant irritation," says a cancer hospital physician, "is one of the principal causes of cancer, and if a person has a wart or lump on his skin which is constantly scratched, it is likely to be converted into a cancer. If there is a tear which is not attended to and causes irritation, it may give rise to a cancerous growth. The sharp edge of a tooth or an injury to the internal organs may also give rise to cancerous tissues."

The doctor emphasized the remarkable vitality of cancer tissue and its power of growth. He said he had in his laboratory a mouse on which are growing cancer cells that were alive in another mouse thirteen years ago.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The English Yeoman.

"Yeoman" is a good old English word, the meaning of which should be carefully cherished. Any country laborer or farmer is not a yeoman. A yeoman is a man who cultivates his own freehold, who farms his own land. He is no man's servant and may hold his head as high as the squire. There are still yeomen of ancient blood in England who would sniff at the offer of a title. One of the finest men I ever knew was a Dorset yeoman, and his ancestors had farmed the same land for three centuries.—London Globe.

The Boy and the Bee.

Bee Master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which stung him)—Ah, you shouldn't do that! The bee will die now. You should have helped her to extract her sting, which is spirally barbed, by gently turning her round and round. Pupil—All very well for you, but how do I know which way she unscrews?—London Punch.

Music Without Sound.

The fundamental evil in music is the necessity of reproduction of its artistic creations by performance. Were it as easy to learn to read music as words the sonatas of Beethoven would have the popularity of the poems of Schiller.—F. Hiller.

Inclined, but Declined.

Miss A.—I thought Mr. Homeleigh was matrimonially inclined. Miss B.—He was, but he's been declined so often, poor man, that he's got over it.—Boston Transcript.

Paradoxical.

Willie (ready for school)—Mamma, they are hoisting up a safe down the street. Mother—Well, be careful not to walk on the safe side.—Boston Transcript.

Life is altogether too short to dwell on failures. Push on to a new success.

Crime and Penalty.

When Mrs. Willies recently meted out punishment to Master George Willies with a carpet beater that young gentleman gave vent to such weeping and wailing that the lady next door was constrained to perk her head over the back yard fence [illegible] what was the matter.

"Got about a couple o' 'undred feet o' gas inside him, that's wots the matter," Mrs. Willies replied.

"Couple o' 'undred feet o' gas!" echoed the lady somewhat incredulously. "Wot on earth's 'e been doin', takin' the gas pipe for a feedin' bottle?"

"No, 'e ain't!" snapped Mrs. Willies. "'E's been swallerin' the shillin' wot I laid by for the gas meter."—London Tit-Bits.

Alpine Egg Dance.

A curious eastern custom has been observed for many centuries in the western Alps. One hundred eggs are distributed over a level space covered with sand and the young men and women perform a dance around them. If a couple are fortunate enough to finish the dance without breaking an egg it is taken as a token of the compatibility of their temperaments and they are betrothed.

Breaking It Gently.

Maid—Thieves got into a house in this street last night and stole all the silver. Mistress—What stupid people to leave things unlocked! Whose house was it? Maid—It was No. 7. Mistress—Why, that is our house! Maid—Yes, ma'am, but I did not want to frighten you.—Judge.

Always Too Late.

"Old chap, didn't your better judgment tell you not to make that investment?"

"No; my better judgment never tells me anything until after I've gone and made a confounded fool of myself."—Chicago Tribune.

He'll Get the Time Though.

"I suppose you're going to Dr. Mason's funeral, grandpa?"

"Oh," snarled the infirm old man, "don't talk to me about other people's funerals. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get to my own."—London Answers.

Odd Case.

"The man they ejected from the hall was burning with rage."

"Yes, and, strange to say, he was full of fire after they put him out."—Baltimore American.

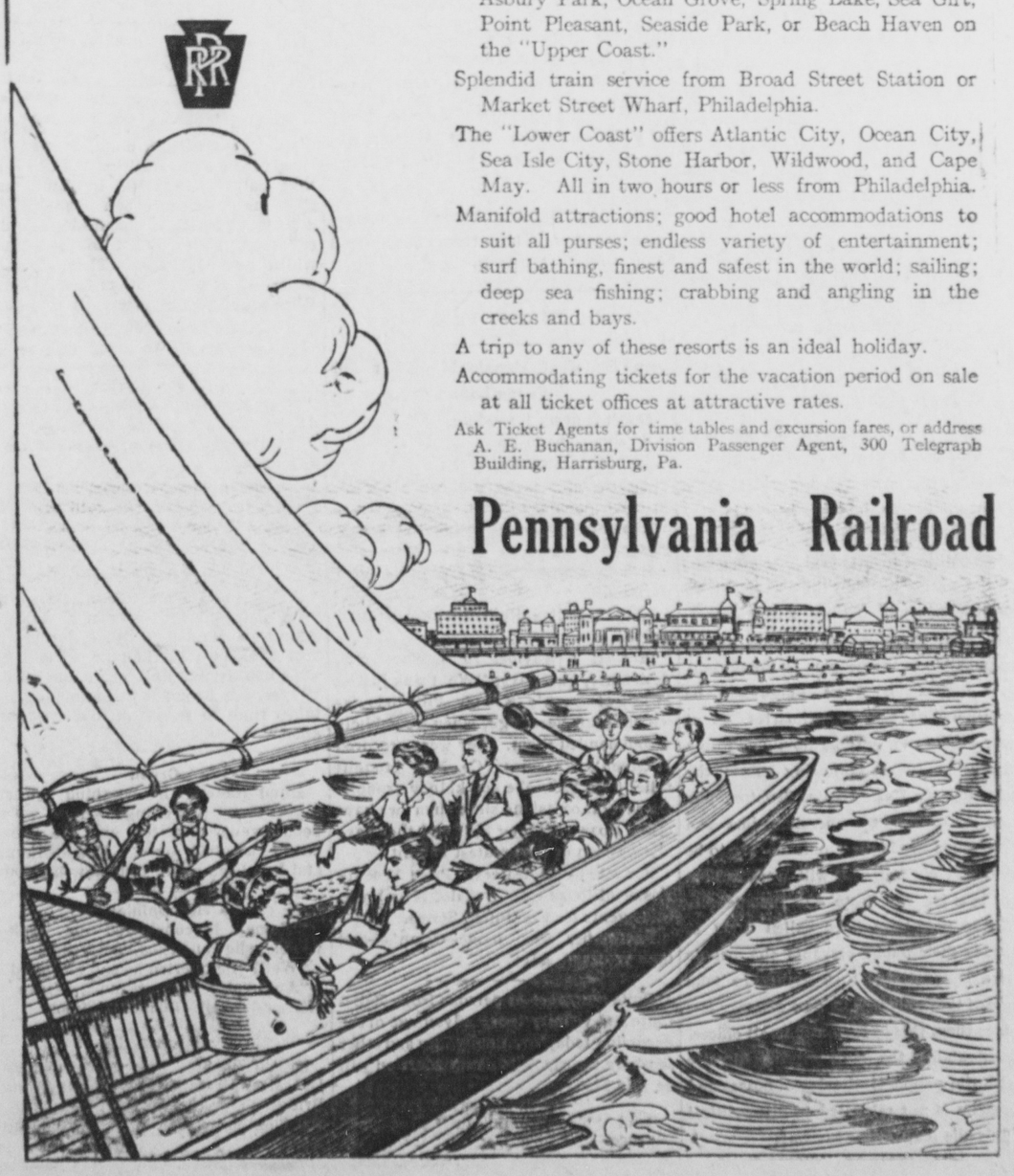
Just Where He Sweeps.

Stude—Don't you ever sweep under the carpet? Janitor—Yessuh; I always sweeps everything under the carpet.—Yale Record.

A Message from the Sea

Get a whiff of salt air! Take a bath in the ocean spray! There is tonic and invigoration. A sail on the deep blue sea is a delight to mind and body.

The Forty Beaches of New Jersey



bid you come. Make a choice between Long Branch, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Spring Lake, Sea Girt, Point Pleasant, Seaside Park, or Beach Haven on the "Upper Coast."

Splendid train service from Broad Street Station or Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

The "Lower Coast" offers Atlantic City, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Stone Harbor, Wildwood, and Cape May. All in two hours or less from Philadelphia.

Manifold attractions; good hotel accommodations to suit all purses; endless variety of entertainment; surf bathing, finest and safest in the world; sailing; deep sea fishing; crabbing and angling in the creeks and bays.

A trip to any of these resorts is an ideal holiday.

Accommodating tickets for the vacation period on sale at all ticket offices at attractive rates.

Ask Ticket Agents for time tables and excursion fares, or address A. E. Buchanan, Division Passenger Agent, 300 Telegraph Building, Harrisburg, Pa.

Pennsylvania Railroad

THE REPUBLICAN.

[illegible] Pa., July 17, 1913

CHARL[illegible] DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

Subscr[illegible] a year, strictly in Advance.

EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion. nonpareil measure.

In a nutshell, the State-wide primary law means that men of mediocre calibre need not aspire to be Governor.

Local guarantors of the Chautauqua have every reason to feel that they have been brought closely into touch with art.

There will be real humor in it when high and mighty aspirants for United States Senator, Governor, Supreme Court Justices, etc., step up to the counter and pay their little fee to have their announcements published in the humble country newspapers. What?

Of course, the fact that the United States Steel Corporation's advance orders for the next six months show a tremenduous falling off cannot be attributed to tightening up in trade due to prospective tariff reductions. Before the Democrats admit this they will blame it on the prevalence of grasshoppers in the middle West.

One of the largest automobile plants in Detroit, Michigan, employing upward of 15,000 men, is hiring no new hands, although the normal falling off in the ranks of such an army of working men is naturally very great. Such a condition would suggest that the management is hopeful that tariff tinkering won't hurt business but very much afraid that it will.

William Jennings Bryan, the great friend of and sympathizer with the common people, told a North Carolina audience that the reason he had a six weeks' leave of absence to deliver Chautauqua lectures at a fancy figure per lecture, was that he was unable to live on his $12,000 per year salary as Secretary of State. Until Mr. Bryan attached himself to the payroll his favorite argument was that public officials owed all their time to their official duties. Sad to relate, the great commoner practices the policy that public office is a private snap.

UP TO THE PEOPLE.

Governor Tener has signed the State wide primary bill and from this time on all public officers in Pennsylvania, from United States Senator and Governor down to the humbliest municipal officer, must be nominated by direct vote of the people. In the past it has been contended, and in some instances with good cause, that public officers have been chosen by a few and with no consideration for the wishes of the many. No such contention will hold good in the future. In every sense of the word, it is now "up to" the people. If our public officials are not all they should be the people will have no one to blame but themselves. Unless the people accord their consent no particular person may be nominated for any office in question, and, of course, without a nomination no election may follow.

The new law is a good one. It places respons ibility for the selection of officials where it belongs, in the hands of the people. Moreover, it will surround officials with a new and more wholesome atmosphere. In the past an official may have felt under obligation to one or more political leaders for his nomination. In the future he will be compelled to consider himself directly under obligation and, therefore, strictly and wholly responsible to the people. In the present year a Superior Court Judge will be nominated at popular primaries. Next year a Governor will be nominated in a similar manner. Following comes the selection of a United States Senator. The new law comes into operation just at a time when the highest officials are to be chosen. We believe it will work out for the best for the State and the people. Where they have been called upon to choose their public servants the people have demonstrated their ability to take care of themselves. The new primary law gives them this opportonity in all offices. Incidentally, the fault will lie directly with the people if the day of bosses and bossism is not relegated to the political junk pile for 1 time to come.

JUST SO.

It is semi-officially announced that no more federal patronage will be dished out to Pennsylvania Democrats until after the meeting of the Democratic State Committee, at Harrisburg, on July 23rd. At that time a new State Chairman is to be named to succeed the Hon. George W. Guthrie, who early stepped into one of the niftiest jobs at the disposal of President Wilson. Mr. Guthrie is now on the water enroute to Japan. His absence from Pennsylvania makes necessary the selection of a new Democratic State Chairman. The new Democratic bosses are putting out federal appointments to help along their organization in this State. As a rule, every appointment means a dozen disappointments. Too many disappointments at this particular time would add to the difficulties of the party bosses in having named a State Chairman of their choice. Hence the order that until after the State Committee meeting next week no additional postoffices or other plums need be looked for.

All of which is clever politics, to speak frankly about it. We admire the politician who plays out in the open and does not cover his moves with the hypocritical cloak of reform. The Democratic reorganization scheme was in the main a cute trick to unhorse Boss Guffey and make room for a new set of bosses. The latter are now in power. Having come into posession of all federal patronage in Pennsylvania they are demonstrating to the satisfaction of the most unsophisticated that they are not only capable of but willing to play practical politics to the limit. Regardless of what may have been their pre-election professions, since election day their one platform has been: "We are the victors and to the victors belong the spoils."

"OUR BOYS BAND."

A feature of the Fourth of July parade in Bellefonte was the presence of "Our Boys Band", of Milesburg, an organization of which the citizens of that town are justly proud and one which sets a worthy example for other towns if they are sufficiently progressive to adopt it. And in saying this we by no means exclude Bellefonte. Virtually every member of the band is in knee breeches, but most of them already play like veterans. Milesburg has always had more or less musical talent and the organization of the present band, made up as it is of boys, insures lots of good music for our neighboring town for many years to come. The boys are deserving of no little credit for possessing the grit to undertake such a proposition and no little praise for turning out regularly for practice and improving the excellency of their music. Likewise, the citizens of Milesburg are to be commended for their display of pride in the efforts of the boys. The name, "Our Boys Band" embodies a pretty sentiment and one manifesting the spirit of the town. It is just such a spirit that cements ties of friendship and fellowship and creates healthy associations the memories of which never die. In organizing and developing "Our Boys Band" Milesburg is unconsciously giving to Bellefonte a pointer that might be heeded to advantage by not only the town but a good many of the people in it.

JUST IN TIME

Some Bellefonte People May Wait Till it's too Late.

Don't wait until too late.
Be sure to be in time.
Just in time with kidney ills.
Means curing the backache, the dizziness, urinary disorders,
That so often come with kidney troubles.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for this very purpose.

Here is Bellefonte testimony of their worth.

Mrs. H. I. Taylor, 70 S. Water St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "We think just as highly of Doan's Kidney Pills today as we did some years ago, when we publicly recommended them. They were procured at Green's Pharmacy Co. and brought relief from backache and kidney trouble. On several occasions since then we have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and they have always been of the greatest benefit.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. advt.

Quite a number of persons from Bellefonte and vicinity took advantage of the excursion today to Atlantic City and other seashore resorts. The next excursion will be July 31st.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year advance.

Navigation on the Osage.

One of the very crookedest streams anywhere is the Osage river in Missouri. In that region they tell of a farmer living on the banks of that river who had a small flatboat which one day he loaded with produce and floated down to market, six miles away. He exchanged the produce for goods at one of the stores and loaded his goods in the flatboat.

"How are you going to get your stuff home, Bill?" asked a friend. "Got a steamboat to tow you back?"

"I am going to float back," was the response.

"How are you going to do that? I don't understand."

"I guess you don't know much about this river. It doubles on itself just below here and runs back to within less than a quarter of a mile of my place. I've got a landing on both banks and a team of horses than can drag the boat over from one landing to the other."—Kansas City Journal.

Balkan Ballads.

In the Balkan countries the ballad makers have certainly been at least as important as the makers of laws. Servia's national ballads, commemorating the glories of the Servian Emperor Dushan, the fatal battle of Kossovo and the legendary exploits of the hero Marko Kralyevich and his horse Sharats, are of Homeric proportions and, sung to the accompaniment of a guitar with cords of horsehair tails, have kept national feeling warm for centuries. In recent years the Servian government published a popular edition. In Macedonia Sir Charles Eliot heard a schoolboy recite a Buigarian poem which took an hour and a quarter, with a simple but significant plot. The pasha of Sofia summons a Bulgarian hero who is his friend and tells him he has orders to execute him. The Bulgarian asks why. The pasha says he does not know, but he must do it, and he does.—London Chronicle.

Floral Death Legends.

By the Mexicans marigolds are known as death flowers from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were said to have sprung from the blood of the killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the daneweed, a course, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle, and if cut on a certain day in the year it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason, is called danewort and daneblood.—Suburban Life.

Queer Book Titles.

"These old books," said the antiquary as he pointed to a dingy upper shelf, "are curious for their titles.

"Here is a volume of sermons printed in Salem in 1792. 'Sermons to Asses' is its scornful name.

"Here is a book dated 1743 that is called 'Look to It or I'll Stab Ye.' It is a treatise on polygamy.

"This is a pamphlet by a spinster against the young men of the seventeenth century. Its title is 'A Dissertation on the Pertness of Our Youth In General, Especially Such as Are Trained Up at Tea Tables.'

"A return blast to that dissertation is this other pamphlet of the same year: 'Quippes For Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen; or, A Glass to View the Pride of Vainglorious Woman.'"

Nails.

America has the honor of having made the first cut nails, toward the close of the eighteenth century. Before that nails were made by hand, and their manufacture was a household industry. Cut nails are made by machinery from plates rolled to the proper width and thickness. They may be made of steel or of malleable iron. Wire nails, though originally a French invention, were brought to perfection in the United States.

A Profligate.

"I am afraid my husband is leading a double life."

"Heavens! What has aroused your suspicions?"

"He sneaked 50 cents out of his pay envelope last week and tried, when I found it out, to make me think he had done it by mistake."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Long Time Out of Use.

"A man told me," says a cynic in the American Magazine, "that during the San Francisco earthquake he and his wife knelt down and began the Lord's Prayer, but forgot it in the middle. It takes time to renew an old acquaintance."

Cruel.

Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage)—How provoking! Here we've been twenty minutes, and the hyena hasn't laughed once. Ella—Strange, and he's been eying your new hat too.

Her Opinion.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet"—

"Well?" he queried as she hesitated.

"And yet," she continued, "man is oftener broke."—London Opinion.

Nice Present.

Groom (looking over the presents)—Did Mrs. Grumpus give us anything? Bride—Oh, yes! She has given us just six months to live together.—Chicago News.

The Ruling Passion.

A young contractor in a Missouri town found himself after the war in dire financial straits. He owned a few pieces of property, all of which were mortgaged, the mortgage in each instance being held by an old man who lived with his one son, Brocky, in a tumbledown hut that could not be rented to any one else. In the course of time the miser foreclosed, taking over all the contractor's property, which was valued in excess of the amounts loaned. The contractor began to pay rent on the house in which he lived. Three months after the foreclosure the miser lay dying. An urgent message reached the contractor, and he, supposing that the other, knowing his end to be near, wanted to make what restitution he could for the good of his soul, hurried down to the cabin. He found the old man in a rickety bed, covered with a tattered quilt and an old overcoat. The contractor bent his ear hopefully to the other's lips. The miser drew a long breath, clutched the quilt in a skinny hand and whispered:

"Pay your next month's rent to Brocky."—Kansas City Star.

Bull Chasing In London.

From the time of King John till 1839 Nov. 13 was known as bull running day in Stamford. A seventeenth century historian gives an interesting account of the observance.

"The butchers provide the bull and place him overnight in a stable belonging to the alderman. The next morning proclamation is made by the bellman that each one shut up his shop door and gate and none under pain of imprisonment do any violence to strangers; none to have any iron upon their bull clubs or other staves, which they pursue the bull with. Which proclamation being made and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hivie skivy, tagrag, men, women and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town running after him."

At the close of the chase the animal was killed and its flesh sold at a nominal rate to the burghers.—London Spectator.

Way to Apply For a Job.

Having lost three jobs for which he had applied, after he seemed in a fair way to get any one of them, a certain young man has figured out where he made his mistake.

"I referred to wages and hours before the interview was three minutes old," he explained.

Ordinarily the business world recognizes the right of the applicant to know how much money he is going to make each week and how long each day he will be expected to work and how many days a week. This is collective recognition.

The thorough business men will not close an interview until he has brought up the subject of pay and working hours. He wants it understood, of course, before he employs any one, but when the applicant makes the first mention of it a bad impression is created.—Chicago Tribune.

Reasonable Objection.

Conan Doyle was once asked why he didn't establish a detective agency and employ Sherlock Holmes' tactics in conducting the business. "For the very good reason," he replied, "that all the knots Sherlock Holmes untied were of my own tying. I should fail if I undertook to unravel other people's entanglements. I believe that on one occasion I could have done so, though. I was in a tailor shop when a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped goods, and I got the idea that he was an ex-convict. To satisfy myself I visited one or two prisons and, sure enough, found the man's picture in the rogues' gallery. He had had enough of striped clothes."—Detroit Free Press.

His Aerial Flights.

"Henry," said Mrs. Hornbeak anxiously, "I ain't one of those people who worries very much, but I don't like the idea of our son Arthur becoming one of those bird men."

"Who said he was going to be an aviator?" asked Mr. Hornbeak.

"Well, here's Cousin Bill writing that we'd better put a curb on Arthur; says he's flying awful high for a young fellow."—London Express.

Liked the Family.

"Dick proposed to me last night."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said he had better ask mamma. And what do you think the wretch said?"

"Goodness knows."

"He said he had asked her already and she wouldn't have him."

Preferred the Cash.

"Did you attain the high ideals you set for yourself when you were young?" asked the friend of his boyhood.

"No," replied the millionaire, "and I'm glad I didn't. I see now that there was no money in them."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Kept on Not Looking.

"When she wasn't looking I kissed her."

"What did she do?"

"Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."—Wasp.

Work.

If you intend to go to work, there is no place better than where you are. If you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.—Abraham Lincoln.

The wise man should be prepared for everything that does not lie within his control.—Pythagoras.

Peter Robb Dead.

Peter Robb, one of Howard's best known and oldest residents, died on Wednesday morning at the home of his son, Jacob, nearby that place. Deceased was 84 years old on May 16th, last. He was born in Frankfort, Germany and spent greater part of his life in Howard. He was long an active member of the Reformed church. Surviving him are a widow and these children: Jacob and Peter Robb, of Howard; Lewis Robb, of Wilkinsburg; George Robb of Altoona. Surviving also are thirteen grand-children and four great-grand-children. Funeral services will be held on Friday morning at 10 o'clock, interment at Romola.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the ues of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation—Advt.

Limitations of Fame.

In Professor Knight's reminiscences of Tennyson it is related that on one occasion when the poet laureate was stopping at an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked if he knew who had been staying in his house, and on being informed that it was the poet Tennyson, he replied:

"Lor', to think o' that! And, sure, I thoucht he was shentleman."

At Stirling some one asked the landlord of the house where the poet was stopping:

"Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?"

"Naa, but he was a pleesant shentelman."

"It was Tennyson, the poet."

"And wha' may he be?"

"Oh, he is a writer o' verses sich as ye see i' the papers!"

"Noo, to think o' that! Jeest a poobllic writer, and I gi'ed him ma best bedroom!"

But the charms of Mrs. Tennyson, her gracious manners, did not pass unnoticed, for the landlord said, "Oh, she was an angel!"

A Great Musical Library.

There is no public library which contains so many works of interest to students of music as the one in Manchester, England, says the Musical Courier Henry Watson, who spent a lifetime in accumulating rare musical works and original scores, bequeathed the entire collection to the Manchester library on the condition that musical students, members of musical societies and all others interested should be allowed free access to it. The Manchester library is very proud of the collection and continues to add to it. Among its treasures is a volume of pieces for viola da gamba, written by English composers of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth century, and collected in 1650 for a wealthy amateur. Popular songs mentioned by Shakespeare are in this unique and most valuable volume.

The Beggar's Baby.

In the Rue St. Lazare, says the London Mail's Paris correspondent, stood a poor and meanly clad woman who stopped passersby, crying, "Give me a penny for food for my baby," as she pointed to a wailing infant in her arms.

But an observant policeman interfered. It was only when the woman made a particular movement that the infant squealed, and investigation showed that a string which the woman worked with her foot was tied to it. The apparent cruelty resulted in the woman's arrest. Great was the astonishment at the police headquarters when the injured "baby" was found to be a large doll, whose vocabulary consisted of "mamma" and "papa." Further, in the "baby's" clothes were linen articles pilfered from the stalls in the street.

A Remembered Grudge.

Queen Wilhelmina when a small girl found it hard to learn English and perhaps for that reason did not love England. The first map of Europe she drew showed an enormous Holland, a fair sized Belgium and France but an almost imperceptible Great Britain. To draw particular attention to the diminutive island representing England she wrote below it, "Land of Miss S." (her English governess). Years later the young queen said to the minister plenipotentiary of England:

"Be sure to tell her majesty Queen Victoria that I love Englishwomen—all Englishwomen."

To which the minister bowed, and the queen added:

"All Englishwomen who are not governesses!"

First Brides to Cross the Rockies.

Marcus Whitman, M. D., who saved Oregon to the United States, was born Sept. 2, 1802, at Rushville, N. Y. He married Miss Narcissa Prentis of Angelica, N. Y., in February, 1836, and their wedding trip was to cross the continent that year in company with the Rev. H. H. Spaulding and his young wife. The brides were the first women to cross the Rocky mountains. They made the journey of 3,500 miles in seven months.

Do You Have a Daughter?

Would you like your daughter to study domestic science, vocal music and drawing, and at the same time fit herself to teach? Do you know that if she is over seventeen years of age she is entitled to $60.00 from the State to pay her tuition in a Normal School? Do you know that when she graduates she will receive from $60.00 to $75.00 per month as a teacher? Why not send her to the Lock Haven State Normal School next fall? Good board, furnished room, washing, electric light, steam heat, etc., at a rate cheaper than you can furnish it at your own home. Send for particulars and illustrated catalog to Dr. George P. Singer, Principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

The Crops.

Bradstreet's Report says: Crop reports are good, though few record yields are indicated. Corn has been improved by rains east of the Missouri, but high temperatures west of that river are claimed to have impaired conditions in Kansas and Oklahoma. A large though not a record crop is indicated at present. Oats have been improved by rains, and the prospects for that crop have improved since the government report was made up.

Public Sale.

At the Bellefonte Academy, Saturday, July 26, at 2 p. m. Two dozen white iron institution beds; almost as good as new, with mattrices and springs. The sale made necessary by reason of the prospective adoption of the single bed system for the coming year. This is a great opportunity for bargains. Terms cash. 7-10-2t

David B. Etters, a recent graduate at Penn State and a son of County Superintendent of schools D. O. Etters, of State College, has been named as an instructor in the department of dairy husbandry at Purdue University.

Proposals Wanted.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Commissioners of Centre and Clearfield Counties in joint session at the Court House in Bellefonte, Pa., until 12 o'clock noon on Friday, July 25th, 1913, for cleaning and painting old and new iron, tightening bolts and crevices, resetting stringers, furnishing and erecting new bottom and top laterals filling approaches, furnishing and laying new Creosoted Woodblock or Kreolite floor and sidewalks, and other incidental repairs to bridge over Moshannon Creek in Osceola Borough on Curtin Street connecting Centre and Clearfield Counties.

Proposals must conform to plans and specifications on file in the offices of the County Commissioners of the respective counties.

Bidders must deposit with their bids a certified check in the amount of One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars with the Commissioners of Centre County at Bellefonte, payable to the Commissioners of Centre and Clearfield Counties, as a guarantee of good faith. Checks of unsuccessful bidders will be returned to them after award of contract.

Proposals will be publicly opened at one o'clock P. M., the same day. The bidder to whom award is made will be required to execute corporate bond in a sum equal to the amount of his bid.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Commissioners of Centre County.

Attest: Wm. H. NOLL, Jr.,
H. N. MEYER, Clerk. D. A. GROVE,
JACOB WOODRING.
Commissioners of Clearfield County.

Attest. W. C. LANGSFORD,
L. C. NORRIS, Clerk. J. S. RICHARDS,
H. L. BOWMAN.

Dated July 14th, 1913.

WANTED

100 BOYS

Between the ages of 12 to 15 years who have passed the eighth grammar grade to do some delightful work for

CLASTER'S

of Bellefonte during their vacation. Apply Monday morning, July 21st, 1913, at 9 a. m.

Bellefonte, Pa.
July 17--23

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Among those who came a long distance to attend the Gettysburg reunion was Washington Kochler, of Salt Lake City, Utah, who arrived in Howard on Tuesday last with his brother Dr W. H. Kochler, of Bellefonte, to spend a few days with their brother David, the well known itinerant merchant, and to greet former friends. The Dr. will spend his annual vacation in Howard.

H. T. McDowell and J. W. Mayes were Bellefonte visitors on Wednesday.

John Weber was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Thursday.

While using one of the heavy steam rollers on the fill at the Walnut street approach to town the other day the ponderous machine began sinking into the soft earth and it required strenuous work on the part of the crew to keep the heavy road machine from burying itself. As it was the roller sank about 4 feet into the mirey clay.

P. J. Kelley left on Thursday for Patton where he will be employed in the mines.

The First National Bank was wired for electric light last week.

F. A. Pletcher and Lott Neff visited Mrs. Pletcher at the Lock Haven hospital on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Deek, of Pitcairn, were guests of Mr. and Mrs W. L. Cooke on Wednesday.

Mrs. Anna Harvey has accepted employment in the local telephone exchange.

J. F. Condo was a business visitor in Lock Haven on Friday.

A reliable imformant tells us that an improvised rain-guage showed just four inches of rain-fall during the heavy showers last Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wagner were Bellefonte shoppers last Friday.

Wm. Weber, Bernard Long and Lester Wyland were Bellefonte visitors on Friday.

Mrs. Ira Johnson was a visitor with relatives in Mill Hall on Saturday.

Katherine Bowes, of Clearfield, was a guest of Hilda Wagner last week, returning to her home on Monday.

Col. John A. Woodward was a passenger to Williamsport on Tuesday.

Miss Florence Leathers, of Mt, Eagle was a visitor in town Monday evening.

Mrs. John Lyons was a visitor in Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Miss Helen Bennison was a passenger to the Clinton county seat on Tuesday.

Mrs. Dr. G. W. McEntire continues to show a marked improvement in her health, being able to sit up to a window.

The carpenters are this week putting the finishing touches on a new kitchen for Mr. Jacob Ritzman.

Thomas A. Pletcher has been appointed tax collector for Howard township.

Ira Yarnell, of Niagara Falls, paid his old friends here a visit on Sunday.

The festival held by the members of the St. Bernard's Catholic church Saturday evening was well attended and the Boys Band, of Milesburg, proved quite an attraction for young and old.

Miss Grace Schenck, of Milesburg, visited her parents over Sunday.

Cashier Matthew Rodgers was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Saturday.

Anderson Bros. contractors on Tuesday, shipped 16 of their horses to Henry W. Va. This week will probably see the final shipment of all their equipment used in the railroad construction work here.

Pine Grove Mills.

The annual reunion of the 45th P. V. Regiment was held in the big tent at Gettysburg, July 1st, at 9 A. M., with about sixty men answering the roll call. E. E. Meyers, of Co. K, was elected president, J. H. Musser temporary secretary and W. A. Roberts was continued as treasurer. It was voted to hold the reunion next year at Williamsport, the date to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

The sad and untimely death of Comrade Allen D. Albert on the eve of the reunion at Gettysburg cast a gloom over our gathering, as he was a much looked-for man. He was historian of our regiment and a personal friend of the writer. The following resolution on his death was adopted:

Whereas, while at Gettysdurg on July 1st, 1913, for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the Regimental Association our beloved Comrade Allen D. Albert departed this life; and,

Whereas, for many years our deceased Comrade devoted with energy and zeal much of his time to the preparation of our Regimental history as its editor - in-chief, to whom very largely is due the credit for the successful completion of that valuable book; therefore, be it,

Resolved, that while we his comrades bow in humble submission to the dispensation of Providence which has taken from us our beloved Comrade, it is with profound sorrow and sadness. We miss his manly presence, his wise counsel, his genial face and the warm grasp of comradeship, yet with unfaltering trust we hope to meet again with him and those of our comrades who have passed to the camping ground beyond the stars in a reunion ever new and full of joy.

Resolved, that we extend to the family of our deceased Comrade our most profound sympathy in this their time of severest bereavement and especially to her who was the partaker of his joys and sorrows through so many years and who with that little band of devoted comrades and their wives, the Washington Association, gave so much loving and patriotic service in the preparation of our Regimental history.

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Association and a copy of the same be furnished to the family of our deceased Comrade.

Wm. H. Fry, Co. E.
E. E. Meyers, Co. K.
C. T. Fryberger, Co, D.

This week will see most of the grain in the barns.

Miss Ruth Goss, of Tyrone, is visiting with friends in the valley.

J. C. Buckwalter and wife, of Lancaster, were over-Sunday visitors at the G. W. McWilliams home at Fairbrook.

Miss Helen Eaton, of Freeport, Ill., is spending her three weeks vacation among her many Centre County friends. On Thursday she was entertained at Mrs. George Hastings' home.

John D. Dannley and wife, of Medina, Ohio, are making their annual visit to the old family tree on Main Street and with other friends throughout the county. The glad hand is always extended to the Dannleys.

Faithful old Bill, so well known by our town folks, suddenly passed to horse heaven Monday morning. While hauling in wheat and going up the barn bridge he fell to his knees and was dead before the harness could be removed.

Mrs. Kate Saunders, of Centre Hall, is spending the heated season with friends on the Branch, the home of her youth.

Ed. Isenberg in W. S. Ward's new Reo car autoed over to WarriorsMark and spent a few hours at the Price Gent home.

G. F. Miller is having his residence freshened up with a coat of white, with drab trimmings. Smiths are swinging the brush.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shuey, of Lemont, are mourning the death of their baby boy. The child was six months old. The sympathy of the community goes to the grief-stricken parents.

Among the old veterans from a distance who attended the Gettysburg celebration and who are visiting in Centre County are Griffith Lytle, of Kansas, who saw service in the 49th P. V. He is with his brother William, and sisters at the old home. J. A. Bricker, of Co. 8, 56th P. V., who lost part of his right arm at Bull Run and who since the war has lived in the Hoosier State, is visiting at Boalsburg and also with cousin Sheriff Bricker at Lewistown.

James Poorman has been laid up since his return from Gettysburg, where he had his legs knocked from under him, but he is making locomotion go on two sticks.

Capt. James Patterson, teacher of the Boalsburg Academy back in the sixties, and who in August, 1862, raised a Company in Boalsburg (later Company G, 148th P. V., Governor Beaver's regiment) is another visitor. His locks are sprinkled with gray, though his step is quick and soldierly. He is making an especial effort to see as many of his old comrades and scholars as possible in his brief visit.

This week will see most of the wheat and the best crop of straw in years in the barn. Jack Frost injured it very much in some localities.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Colobine were welcome visitors at the Levi Bathurst home over Sunday.

Prof. S. P. McWilliams, of McDonald, is aiding his home folks in gathering in the big crops.

The ladies of the Bethel church here will hold a church social on Saturday evening, next, at the J. F. Meyers home on Main Street. Everybody cordially invited.

J. C. Hunter, of Stormstown, very pleasantly and we trust profitably spent the Sabbath with friends at Huntingdon Fnrnace.

Unionville.

W. R. Rumberger and family and Mrs. Geo. Rumberger, Jr., and family, all of DuBois, are visiting at the parental home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Rumberger.

Rev. J. V. Wagner, of Riverside, Pa., with his wife and family are visiting friends here. Rev. Wagner filled the pulpit in the M. E. Church on Sunday morning and preached a good sermon to a large and appreciative congregation.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. Catherine Spotts, who has been quite ill at her home on Allegheny Street, is no better at this writing.

We are sorry to see John Miles, Jr., of Martha Furnace, taken to the Bellefonte Hospitay in an automobile the latter part of last week. We understand he was badly injured while unloading hay on his farm.

Ralph Moran spent Sunday in Altoona.

Two of our young men made their usual pilgrimage to the "Far East" over Sunday.

A genuine Camp Meeting under the auspices of the Free Methodist church will be held here the latter part of July, if rumor is correct.

A. F. Hazel and family made an auto trip to Oak Hall on Sunday.

We now have a full fledged fire department and soon as the boys get their hose and paraphrenalia will be ready for business. Starting out with a subscription paper the boys soon secured $150 pledged to buy the necessary apparatus. A social on the evening of July 4th brought them $30 more and they are still going, which speaks well for the progressive spirit of the town. We will soon have our water plant complete which when done will be one of the finest plants in the county with plenty of pure mountain water. Much credit is due all young men of our fire company for the energy and spirit they have shown in preparing to protect our homes.

Mrs. Sadie Emerick, Mrs. Mary Winters and Mrs. Beulah Eckley, all sisters, are visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Resides made a trip to Buffalo Run on Saturday.

John P. Brugger, of Johnstown, Pa., spent a few days with his mother.

Mt. Eagle.

Pretty nearly everybody is busy harvesting, while the rest seem to be engaged picking berries.

The Misses Butler, from Philadelphia, are spending some time with their aunt, Miss Florence Leathers.

Mrs. Al. Strickland went to Lock Haven and brought her mother up here to spend a few days in the country.

E. H. Leathers transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday evening.

Miss Effie Bitner departed last Friday for Niagara Falls, where she is visiting with her sister.

The painters have been puting the finishing touches on the home of Mrs. Etta Leathers.

Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard, visited here with her brother, Hays, last Friday evening.

Mrs. Etta Leathers attended the funeral of the late Harry Harvey at State College last Friday.

Mrs. John Thomas, who has been spending some time at Snow Shoe, returned home on Saturday, accompanied by her daughter.

Ira Robinson departed on Monday for Newberry, where he has a job cooking for the New York Central.

Mrs. Harry Zimmerman Dead.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Cowher Zimmerman, wife of Harry Zimmerman, died on Saturday, last, at her late home in Spokane, Washington, her death resulting from appendicitis. She was first taken ill in April and in June submitted to an operation. She never fully rallied and finally suffered a relapse which culminated in her death. The remains were brought to Tyrone for interment. Deceased was before her marriage Miss Mary Ellen Cowher, daughter of Samuel and Emma Cowher. She was born at Hannah Furnace December 30, 1887, removing when quite young with her parents to Tyrone. In August of last year she removed to Spokane. Surviving to mourn her passing away are her husband, her parents and her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. John McMonigal, of Port Matilda, also a brother and sister, Harry Cowher and Mrs. Frank Foust, both of Tyrone.

Reduction S-a-l-e at Aikens.

10% off on all goods during the month of J-u-l-y. Coats, suits, skirts, waists and resses at cost. Sale begins Tuesday uly 1st. Come early.

Port Matilda.

Miss Helen Thompson shopped in Tyrone Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Woodring, of Tyrone, called on Mrs. Susan Stine last week.

Mr. H. H. Osman spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Toner Newman, at Johnstown.

David Ross made a business trip to Tyrone on Monday.

Blake Williams who is employed as reporter for the Altoona Times, at Altoona, spent Saturday at home with his sisters, Misses Mabel and Florence Williams.

Mrs. Mida Johnston, of Altoona, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Mollie Shope.

H. C. Woodring made a trip to Philipsburg last Sunday.

Mrs. A. Johnson spent Monday at Philipsburg with her aunt Mrs. Cadwalader.

Preaching services will be held in both the Methodist and Baptist churches at 10.30 a. m., Sunday, the 20th.

H. L. Shope visited his aunt, Miss Lida Shope, at Milesburg last Friday.

Miss Ruth Mertts, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Young at this place.

Mrs. Frank Duncan, of Philipsburg, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Harshberger, at this place.

Mrs. Ellen Woodring, Milesburg, and Mrs. Belle Parsons, of Springdale, spent Wednesday with Mrs. Elizabeth Woodring.

Mrs. Nash Gates, of Tyrone, spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs W. E. Williams.

Rev. Eugene Harshberger, of Tullytown, who spent last week with his father, Dr. S. U. Harshberger, visited relatives in Milesburg on Friday.

The Methodist Sunday school will hold a picnic in Chaney's Grove, about one mile west of this place, on Saturday, July 26th. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

On Tuesday a few of Mrs Susan McKinney's friends, Mrs. B. H. Parsons, of Springdale, Mrs. H. A. McKinney, two daughters, Harriet and Margaret and son, Leroy, of Altoona, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Miles and daughter, Zenovia, Dr. S. U. Harshberger and son, Samuel, Mrs A. W. Reese, Mrs. A. S. Price, Rev. Mr. Davis, Mrs. A. B. Woodring, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, Mrs. Geo Price, Mrs. Susan Stine, Mrs. E. M. Woodring, gathered at her home with their baskets full of provisions and about 12.30 the table was spread and the dining room thrown open and the guests sat down to a table of good things, which every one enjoyed. The afternoon was spent socially after which the friends went to their homes.

Centre Hall.

Mrs. Lizzie M. Jacobs and Mrs. William Shoop spent a week at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. John W. Stuart, at State College.

Miss Anna Bible is very sick at her home on Church street.

A new baby came to the home of Geo. Breon, making No. 5.

Mrs. William Snyder is very sick at her home on Main street

Guy W. Jacobs, who is in San Francisco, Cal., writes that he saw the fight of Rivers and Richie but he does not contemplate being a prize fighter.

Mr. Rice and wife, from Reedsville, visited in town over Sunday.

Dan Sleagle, of Spring Mills, expert plasterer, is finishing C. D. Bartholomew's house.

Miss Bessie Emerick is at her sister's, Mrs. Heffner, at Renovo.

The jolly butcher, Lew Gettig, of Bellefonte, was seen in town a few days ago.

A camp of boy scouts, of Mifflin passed through here, camping back of the school house at Pleasant Gap.

Dr. J. L. Seibert was called over to see Dr. Geo. L. Lee, who has been under the weather for some time. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Witmer Smith and wife autoed to Centre Hall Sunday to spend the day with his mother.

Lee Brooks, farmer, west of town, has purchased an auto. Come on farmers get the fever.

Bruce Arney and Gross Allison were seen crossing the mountains Saturday eve in the direction of Axe Man. We wonder why?

Farmers are very nearly done with hay and are cutting grain.

Geo. Black, tennant on the Gregg farm, west of town, lost a valuable horse last week.

Dr. Nissley was called over to attend a sick horse of Grover Weaver's on Monday.

Gross Yearick, brother of Mrs. William B. Mingle, is visiting here for a few weeks.

A. C. Mingle and family spent Sunday at the home of his late brother's family.

Rain seems to be the leading feature of today.

Want Boys in Blue to Come South.

The soldiers of the Confederate army enjoyed the "hospitality of the north" to such an extent that when they returned from the Gettysburg celebration, they conceived the idea of holding a similar celebration at Chattanooga to celebrate the bloody conflict at Chickamaugua. The executive committee at once began communications with the post commanders throughoutthe country, and the commander of Gregg Post in this city has received a communication to this effect. They want the boys in Blue to visit the boys in Gray on Southern soil. Other information will follow, giving detafls of the arrangements now under way.

Drink Grape Juice

Grape juice is as nourishing as milk in fact it is a vegetable milk. An ideal summer beverage either straight or in combination with other beverages. Keep a bottle constantly in the refrigerator, nothing else will refresh you so much where you are warm and tired---We handle the

LIGGETT'S GRAPE JUICE

in quarts, Pints, ½ pints and ¼ pints. It is made from selected Concord grapes and is strictly pure. Prices 10c, 15c, 25c and 50c. It is sold only at our store.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Just A Reminder

to those who are interested in growing

Good Crops

The way to increase your crops is to gather all the barn-yard manure and then distribute it with a

NEW IDEA MANURE SPREADER

Because it is the best pulverizer.
Because it spreads six feet wide.
Because less weight means lighter draft.
Because it is absolutely gearless.
Because it is low down, easy loading.
Because it tracks with standard wagon.
Because front and rear wheel track.
Because load is carried on both axles.
Because it cannot choke or bunch.
Because of perfect endless conveyors.
Because conveyors cannot race or slip.
Because it has the widest range of feed.
Because it is the best spreader on the market up to date, and we invite any trust-worthy farmer to take a spreader and be convinced of the truth of our assertion.

We have the Wieard Sulkey & Walking Plows, Spring & Spike-tooth Harrows, Grain Drills, Fertilizers of all grades, Poultry Supplies, Gasoline Engines, all kinds of Pumps, also Brookville Wagons.

John G. Dubbs
Bellefonte, Pa.

Niagara Falls

Personally-Conducted Excursions

July 25, August 8, 22,
September 5, 19, October 3, 1913
LIKE A TRIP ABROAD

Round **$7.10** Trip

From Bellefonte, Pa.

SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car, and Day Coaches, running via the

Picturesque Susquehanna Valley Route

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and good returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo within limit, allowed returning. Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents, or A. E. Buchanan Division Passenger Agent, 300 Telegraph Building, Harrisburg, Pa.

Pennsylvania R. R.

For Rent.

After July 1st offices in Exchange Building formerly occupied by Wm. C. Heinle, deceased.

Also a 7 room residence with bath and all conveniences on Lamb St.

Inquire of
F. W. CRIDER.

Don't think that piles can't be cured Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store.

G. S. Clements, West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa. Repairs all makes of sewing machines and has repairs for same. Sewing machines from $5 to $35. Has blank keys for all makes of locks.

Bell Phone 275-R.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.18
Butter, per pound	.32

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.95
Wheat, red	1.00
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.58
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.36
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR RENT—Six-room house on East Lamb Street; $6.25 month. Apply to REBECCA N. RHOADS, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire,
MOWRY'S CAFE.
6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

FOR SALE—50 Chester-White pigs, eight weeks old. All in first class condition: price reasonable. Inquire of H. Laird Curtin, Curtin, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—8 room frame house, located in Sunnyside, near Bellefonte; water at rear of house; house well built and in good condition. Inquire ARISTA LUCAS, Fleming. Pa.
6-12-5t

AGENTS—$25. per week proposition one man or woman in each county introducing our Pure Aluminum Cooking Sets; permanent business. Address—Modern Products Co., 2424 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great tonic laxative. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Bellefonte Automobile Manufacturing Company,--Bellefonte, Pa.

Manufacturer's of The

"Bellefonte Six" Automobile.

This Company chartered under the laws of Penna. will own and operate an Automobile factory in the city of Bellefonte- Manufacturing a six cylinder Automobile to be known as "BELLEFONTE SIX". Capacity first year will be about 250 cars.

The Company offer a limited amount of the First Mortgage 6% Bonds which are a direct obligation of the Company and a first mortgage against all property now owned or hereinafter acquired. This is an opportunity to secure an investment in a local enterprise and one that will cause Centre County to be known over the entire United States.

Subscriptions will be received up until July 1st. at the temporary offices of the Company, Temple Court Building, Bellfonte, Pa. on basis of $97.50 for each one hundred dollars,

For further information write or telephone for literature and July 1st. subscription blank.

Bellefonte Automobile Mfg. Co.
W. P. SEIG, Treasurer.

IN OUR CLOTHING DEP'T

WE WILL START A GREAT

SPECIAL SALE

Of Men's & Young Men's Suits

AT A 1-3 TO 1-2 OFF

Surplus lots from our wholesale house and little lots from own stock are included in this great clean-up sale All are good looking, well made, up to date suits and they are thoroughly dependable for service, besides being desirable for immediate use. Most of these suits will answer for all year round service, so it will pay you to buy for your future needs.

Suits that were $8.75 now - - -	$5.85
Suits that were $10.00 now - - -	$7.50
Suits that were $12.00 now - - -	$9.00
Suits that were $13.50 now - - -	$10.00
Suits that were $15.00 now - -	$11.00
Suits that were $16,50 now - -	$12.50

Bellefonte **CLASTER'S** Bellefonte

The Faith of Mari

A Case of Too Many Wires

By AGNES G. BROGAN

A great city. There is a noise in the streets, over the streets, under the streets. A whirling mass of human beings in the morning rolls down from the north like the ebbing tide and flows up again in the evening. And all night the whirl goes on, but a different whirl. There is a glow of electric lights; the streets are full now not of workers, but of pleasure seekers. They pour into the theaters, into the hotels, into the restaurant. And then they pour out again.

Captives in the cage of the city jail, men moved about like bees in some mammoth hive, and not unlike the buzzing of bees came the continual hum of their low voiced conversation. Here rough faced men passed the anxious hours, engaged boisterously in a game of cards, while over there others sat lost in deep brooding dejection.

One figure alone seemed to stand apart, different from them all. This difference might have been accounted for by the jaunty suit and cap and the high white collar which the young man wore; but, after all, it was a certain infectious light of good humor in the boyish blue eyes, an irresponsible air of happiness, which distinguished Peter Olaf from his companions in crime. Once again he walked the length of the long room, keeping time to his step by a subdued though merry whistle; then he paused sociably at the side of a prisoner who glowered up at him. Peter spoke with a soft foreign accent.

"That makes twelve times around," he said. The man addressed lumbered to his feet, joining the youth in his walk.

"What chu here for?" he growled.

The boyish blue eyes widened, while a dull red crept to the blond hair on Peter's forehead. "Bigamy," he announced briefly. The elder man stood still with a muttered exclamation.

"Bigamy," he repeated, and exclaimed again—"bigamy, a kid like you? What chu do it for?"

Peter Olaf shook his head. "I didn't mean to," he said slowly. "I—I don't know.

"It just happened. Far away in Russia was Mari. Before I came to this new country Mari and I were married.

"Some day I would send her money; then she must come to me. So I told her we would be rich here and happy. And Mari was glad. At first I wrote to her long letters, and then"— Peter stopped abruptly. When he spoke again his tone was harder, more constrained.

"Well, in the house where I boarded lived Bianca. I was lonely here in the strange country—oh, very, very lonely.

"Bianca was most kind and beautiful. Together we went to many places—out upon the ferryboats in the moonlight, down to the sands of the sea. And Mari seemed to fade away so far I could scarce remember her face. It grew dim like a dream one has almost forgot.

"And so I did not send to Mari the money. May not one have a new wife in a new country when one shall never return to the old? Bianca also had a lover who would have married her.

"This she told me." The boy passed his hand across his forehead. "So what could I do?" he asked. "Could I lose Bianca?" And then that very day when we were married Mari comes along to this country. Alone she had worked and saved, and now she is here.

"And Mari asks them to find me for her—the officials—and when they find me I am married again. So you see it is bigamy. That is what they tell me, and I must be held for trial."

The boy clutched the prisoner's sleeve fearfully. "What will they do with me?" he cried.

The hardened man, whose own crime had brought suffering to many, stared disgustedly into the frightened face.

"Do with you," he answered fiercely—"do with you? I don't know, but I hope they will lock you up. I hope they make you work as she never thought of working—that little Russian thing you deserted. Chances are they won't do it, though. That innocent baby face of yours will carry you through. You'll only be deported."

"Deported?" questioned the boy eagerly. The man turned on his heel.

"Yes," he answered gruffly—"sent back where your kind belong."

Peter Olaf stood considering. He seemed to see again the little village that had been his home, the tiny schoolhouse where he and Mari had gone so many years together. Then across his memory flashed a picture of Bianca—Bianca of the crimson lips and laughing eyes. The great oaken doors just beyond the heavy screen opened now and closed with much grating of locks. As through a mist he saw the figures of an officer and a girl.

"Forty-five!" rang out the officer's voice, and the girl's slender figure came waveringly, indistinctly, toward him. A moment she stood, her white face pressed close against the veiling wires, her dark eyes shining golden black in the reflected light. Then with a joyful, half inarticulate cry Mari clasped her trembling hands.

"Peter," she whispered—"oh, Peter!" Dumbly the guilty youth stood peering through his cage. The woolen shawl which the girl wore fell back from her head, revealing the well remembered clustering curls. The sound of his home tongue upon her lips brought a sob to Peter's throat.

"I came," Mari went on breathlessly, "to you, beloved. Because you had not been able to send me money, should that then keep us apart? So I worked and worked." The words melted into a soft, little laugh. "Oh, you did not know that I could be so clever, Peter—could of myself earn so much money, enough to bring me to the far America. But me, alone—I did it." The triumphant tone turned now to one of deep compassion. "And you, my Peter"—the girl said quickly—"they have made you suffer. Because of a cruel, wicked mistake they have placed you here behind their great locked doors.

"'He is married in this country,' the men tell me, but I ask them how can that be. It is foolish, for is not my Peter my husband, and have I not here our printed records? But the interpreter is very stupid, and he will not understand, and he tells me over and over again, 'Peter Olaf is married,' so I come away angry."

The girl tossed her head. "Be brave, beloved," she said, "and all will yet be well.

"Do not grieve that I must go back, for so they have ordered. 'Return at once to your own country,' the stern man said, as though that were punishment to me. I am glad—glad to go.

"Here the people are so strange and fine and grand; here no one cares." Mari caught her breath sharply. Tears welled in the golden black eyes. She waited, wondering at his silence, and then, with a sudden hopeless gesture, Peter stretched forth his arms.

"Mari," he murmured brokenly, "if I could but touch your hand."

"Have I not, then, the same longing?" she answered tremulously. "But when they have learned their mistake, Peter, when they know of their wrong, then they will set you free, and you will hasten back to our happy home land.

"There will I be to welcome you and see in the garden our fruits and flowers are growing and upon the hills our sheep. So you will be content and happy forevermore, so you will never care again to wander."

"Mari," the boy cried out in despair, "how may I then come to you—I who am so unworthy?"

An attendant laid a kindly hand upon the girl's shoulder. "Time's up," he reminded. Mari looked back through the screen with reproachful eyes.

"You unworthy, Peter?" she said tenderly. "You"— Then obediently Mari followed on up the stair. Outside before the jail a dark faced Italian paused to adjust the golden harp which he carried. At his side, in bizarre costume, tripped a red lipped girl. With a swift sidelong glance at the man she flirted her beribboned tambourine.

"I go in there, Toni," she said. "I not play on the boat today." The Italian stood looking down upon her with a sort of dogged devotion.

"You go to see him, Bianca," he said—"he who was not your husband. He fool you and lie to you, yet you can forgive?" The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"What do I forgive?" she asked pertly. "He leave her for me. If he leave me for her"—Bianca's eyes narrowed—"but Petro he not do that," she said. Halfway to the impressive entrance she turned back to smile at him. "You wait for me, Toni?" she called, and the Italian answered with sad resignation:

"Always I wait for you, Bianca."

She smiled at Peter also, showing her pretty white teeth, as he drew near the forbidding screen.

"Hello!" she greeted him gayly. "Hello, but I cannot shake hands."

"Would you?" Peter asked her gravely. "Would you if you could?"

"Why not?" laughed Bianca. "You will be free," she added quickly. "I ask the man at the desk if they send you to jail, and he frown, and he say he think not. They send you back perhaps where you belong. But, Petro," she whispered softly, "when you are free you will come back to me? Promise. I am your wife."

The boy leaned wearily against the screen. Through it came the fragrant breath of roses in her hair.

"Promise, Petro," the girl caressingly implored him.

"I will come back to you, Bianca," he answered evenly. She laughed a little as she turned away.

"Goodby," she said. And as she came out again into the light and found the Italian still waiting in patient hopelessness Bianca anticipated the burning question of his eyes.

"No," she said, slowly shaking her head; "no, Toni; he never come back to me; never, any more." The man leaned forward, unbelieving.

"He told you that?" he asked eagerly.

"He not tell me," Bianca replied, with a shrewd little smile. "He not need to tell me; I know."

"Beloved!" the man entreated and spoke no other word. For a moment the singing girl swayed her tambourine teasingly before her mocking face; then, suddenly serious, she gazed at him across the tinkling bells.

"Your kind, Toni," she said gently; "the slow kind. It is the best."

And far out upon the pier another girl sat, her upraised face glorified in the light of the setting sun, her dark eyes filled with dreams. "Deported," murmured a pitying voice, but the immigrant girl was smiling happily as she followed the long line into the great white ship. Mari had entered upon the journey into her promised land.

Spending.

Spending is merely puffing out your personality. It is like the trailing feathers to a peacock—like the long train to a fashionable woman. Why does the barefoot negro boy acquire four yellow dogs? They add to his personality. Why do we all—shopgirls and plumbers, fashionable literary hacks and gentlemanly financial pirates—spend every cent we get, honestly and dishonestly, wisely and otherwisely? We stretch out as far as we can, and vanity, my friend, is the only balloon that never bursts. Why does the stag grow horns until it can hardly make its way through the forest? And why did Absalom wear his locks so long that they caught in an oak tree and held him until Joab and his men came up? Vanity! Vanity! In some tribes they worship the fat man, who has put much food under his glistening skin. Among other tribes they worship you for the servants you employ without using, for the food you purchase without eating. To spend to use is vulgar; to spend to waste is the only admirable and admired spending. Finis!—Walter E. Wegl in Saturday Evening Post.

Necessities of Life.

A merchant in the West Thirties takes pride in selling novelties, tricks and puzzles—things that wiggle or waggle or wuggle or woggle. He buys instanter those clever mechanical inventions, toys and devices. They are originated daily and die perhaps as quickly. You know the kind. When you see them on the sidewalks you stop and look, then dig your hand in your pocket and say, "That's pretty clever. I'll just take one of those home." Then you make it wiggle or waggle or wuggle or woggle for the family, and the next day the spring is broken.

How to display these things and make a department of novelties was a poser. Finally, however, he lumped them in one corner of his establishment and hung over them this description:

"These are things you don't know you are obliged to have until you see them." And standing room in that corner is at a premium.—New York Post.

A Safe Topic.

In his book "The Balkan War" Mr. Philip Gibbs, the war correspondent, says that the official regulations for war correspondents who were sent out to the Balkans were appallingly severe.

Mr. Gibbs found that he was forbidden to describe the disposition of troops, to give the names of generals, the names and numbers of the wounded, the success or failure of Bulgarian troops, the state of the soldiers' health, the conditions of the climate, and so on. When the censor had told him all this Mr. Gibbs asked him politely:

"Will you tell me, sir, if there is anything about which we shall be allowed to write?"

The censor thought deeply for a moment and then answered quite gravely:

"There is much interest in Bulgarian literature."

"Perhaps," Mr. Gibbs suggested sarcastically, "I may also be permitted to describe the song of the birds?"

"By all means," said the censor cordially.

Official Cats.

Nowadays there do not appear to be any human rat catchers on the establishment of the civil service, but some government offices maintain cats for this work. At the general postoffice, for example, there is a staff of cats charged with the duty of protecting his majesty's mails from rats. In return they are provided, out of the public purse, with free board and lodging. The staff of the Deptford victualing yard includes cats. In France cats are specially trained for government employment. To fit them for service among military stores they are at first sent for one or two voyages on a warship. If they prove equal to killing the rats always found in the holds of large ships they are promoted to a shore billet.—London Standard.

Drops and Minims.

Drops vary in size according to the conditions under which they are produced. Some are large and some are small, some long and some short. The drop of the druggist is called a "minim," of which 480 go to make a fluid ounce and 76,800 to make a gallon. An actual experiment in filling a one ounce measure will probably show that 400 drops makes a fluid ounce. The average drop is 20 per cent larger than the minim.

Pompey's Example.

Pompey, being commissioner for sending grain to Rome in time of dearth, when he came to the sea found it very tempestuous and dangerous, insomuch as those about him advised him by no means to embark, but Pompey said, "It is of necessity that I go, not that I live."—Lord Bacon's "Apothegms."

Balked.

"There are some things," said the man with the high brow, "that money won't buy."

"I s'pose there are," replied the one with the overlapping chin, "but there's no use tryin' to use 'em to get an extension of your credit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lincoln's Desire.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

To travel hopefully is better than to arrive and the true success is to labor.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Thrown to the Wolves.

A story of a father's desperate act in throwing his child to the wolves is related by the Astrakhan correspondent of the Viedemosti. A peasant named Grusneijoff, accompanied by his wife and four-year-old child, it is stated, was traveling by sleigh to Volchuni. Toward dusk, when only a few miles from the town, he suddenly came on a pack of wolves. Grusneijoff's wife in her terror suggested that he should appease the beasts by flinging them the child. This the man at first refused to do, continuing to belabor his horses. At length, seeing that the wolves were gaining on the sleigh, he flung the child into the road. His sacrifice was in vain, for the wolves, discarding the living bundle, flew to the attack with renewed fury and at length dragged the peasant from the sleigh. When the horses arrived in the town the woman was found lying unconscious in the sleigh. The child, which had not suffered the slightest injury, was found sleeping on the road.

Printing Unpopular In Persia.

Type printing is unpopular in Persia. The straightness of the lines offends the Persian's artistic sense, and he feels that in printed books the character of the letters is lost. Persia is today entirely dependent upon lithography for its own production of books. Naturally these are very rare. At the beginning of the nineteenth century a press with movable types was set up in Tabriz, and a certain number of books were printed. The effort met with no encouragement, however, and had shortly to be abandoned. The same taste which makes a Persian esteem so highly the great calligraphists makes him deplore the absence of character in a type printed book. What most delights him is well written manuscript, and he takes the same delight in the copyist's work that we take in an old master. Failing this, he contents himself with a lithograph, which is usually a facsimile of the writing of some fairly good scribe.

A Wandering Scot's Tribulations.

A Glasgow man who recently took up residence in London, says the Glasgow News, selected from the people answering his advertisement for rooms a landlady boasting the name of Mackay. That name, even without the lady's protestations, convinced him that he was going to a "home from home." On arriving, his pleasurable anticipation was increased when he was informed that it was "taken for granted" he would have porridge for breakfast. He was astounded, however, to find the oatmeal served cold and solid and profusely sprinkled with parsley. Something approaching a scene occurred when he intimated to the lady that he required the dish brought hot and fresh and without vegetable embellishment. With a gesture of despair she led him to the kitchen, where on the shelf was a row of bowls containing his weekly supply of parsley decorated porridge!

Our Musical Nerves.

Everybody who has been to the dentist's knows only too well that the teeth have nerves connected with them. These nerves lead to certain knots of nerve tissue called gangila, from which also proceed other nerves that pass to the auditory chambers of the ear. If you grind your teeth ever so slightly you will find that you hear the sound very distinctly. The vibrations caused by grinding are conveyed to the auditory chamber, where a series of pryamid cells of varying lengths are so arranged as to operate like keys of a piano. These cells, each of which responds to a particular note, are connected by nerve threads, like piano wires, with the main nerve of hearing—a complex and beautiful arrangement to which we owe our power to appreciate the exquisite harmonies of music.

Starved Himself to Death.

Hunger strike records were broken some years ago by a Frenchman named Granie, who was arrested for murder in circumstances which left no doubt as to his guilt. He determined to starve himself to death in order to escape the guillotine and from the day of his arrest refused to eat. In spite of every effort on the part of the prison authorities, who first tried tempting him to eat by placing the most dainty meals in his cell and when that failed attempted forcible feeding. Granie held out for sixty-three days, at the end of which time he died.

A Renewed Struggle.

"My old barber has left the city."

"You seem very regretful."

"Yes; he had been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past fifteen years, and so far I had succeeded in standing him off. Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Grave Danger.

"Madam, your pet Pekinese spaniel bit one of the children on the street in the face this morning."

"Good heavens, my poor little dog! I know none of the children about here have their faces antiseptically washed."—Baltimore American.

Scarce Strings.

Parke—Bildat is certainly tied to his wife's apron strings. Lane—Well, in these days he is lucky if he has a wife with apron strings.—Life.

Close.

Bess—Chollie is certainly a peach, but he won't give me an engagement ring. Jess—Perhaps he's a clingstone.—Boston Post.

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom, if ever, mistaken.

A Strong Argument.

Pianos on the installment principle was his theme. You pay $3 a week and torture the neighbors.

As he knocked gently at one door he suddenly remembered he had been here before and received a curt refusal. This time it was different, says the New York Mail.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" asked the housewife cordially. "Come in, won't you?"

Full of hope he entered and followed her down a dimly lighted hall. She threw open a door and he walked in, to hear the key click sharply in the lock behind him.

He was locked in a room with five children, all howling, who beat even their own records at the sight of a stranger.

And the woman resumed her washing.

An hour later she came to his rescue.

"Now," she said sweetly, "if you still think I need more music in this house I am ready to listen to you."

But he had gone before she had finished.

On What Happiness Depends.

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the idea around and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter which you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—George S. Merriam.

The Beautiful Lyre Bird.

The largest and handsomest of all the song birds is the lyre bird. Its home is in Australia, where its song is heard morning and evening. It is heard oftener in winter than in summer. The chief beauty of the lyre bird is in the plumage of its tail, which is elegant and in the form of an ancient lyre. While singing the lyre bird spreads its tail over its head like a peacock and droops its wings to the ground. This bird is not only a fine songster, but can imitate the songs of all birds. One living near a wood sawyer's hut even imitated the sound of the filing of saws. The crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs and the mewing of cats are within its range. Its own song is also different from that of other birds, being a louder and fuller tone.

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Navajo Blue Spots.

It has been noticed by scientists who have been studying the interesting and mysterious Navajo Indians that the Navajo baby invariably has a blue spot at the base of its spine. The spot is sometimes as small as a dime and sometimes as big as one's hand. It closely resembles a bruise, but it is due entirely to an extraordinary pigmentation. The spot may disappear before the child is five years old, but always returns later in life when this is the case. The scientists have come to the conclusion that this spot is proof positive of the Mongolian origin of the Navajo. And they also make the astonishing assertion that it is present in many European and American children whose parents can trace their genealogy for generations back and are certain that there has been no admixture of Mongolian blood.—Exchange.

The Doctor's Prescription.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears a story in which is related an account of a prescription given to an exceedingly stingy farmer by a doctor. The farmer took the prescription to the druggist. The druggist told the farmer that he could not fill the prescription and said to the farmer, "If you will read it yourself you will see why," whereupon the farmer adjusted his glasses and read to his astonishment:

"One hired girl to be taken as soon as you can get her and kept constantly on hand thereafter.

"A few new dresses that the wives of your hired men wouldn't be ashamed to wear and a new hat and wrap to replace those you bought her last—thirteen years ago.

"All to be tinctured with at least as much daily consideration as you bestow upon your cattle."

Iron With Their Feet.

One of the most curious sights which I beheld in Cairo was men ironing with their feet, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. They had not been mixing their drinks. It is simply a custom of the country. These men were employed in the native tailoring establishments. Except for a long iron handle, the irons were shaped like the ordinary flatiron, only larger. A solid block of wood rested on the top of the iron, and on this the men placed one foot, guiding the iron in the direction desired by means of the handle. For the sake of convenience the ironing boards were raised only a few inches above the ground. The men ironed with great rapidity, and, however strange the method may seem to our ideas, it certainly does the work very well and expeditiously.

Why He Did Not Marry.

As a reason for not marrying Brahms once wrote to a friend: "At the time when I should have wished to marry my companions were either hissed at or, at any rate, very coolly received. I knew their worth, though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned, and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart. But to be questioned by a wife at such moments, to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask, 'Again a fiasco?' No; that I could never have borne, for, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than hell!"

His Synonym For a Quick Retreat.

In the sixth grade the teacher was questioning a boy about Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia and the subsequent retreat from Moscow.

"What did the French do then?" she asked.

"They ran away," said the boy.

"Yes, that is what they did," said the teacher, "but 'ran away' is hardly the correct phrase to use. What should you have said?"

The boy's face lighted up with understanding.

"They beat it!" he exclaimed proudly.—Kansas City Star.

How He Praised Taine.

Canon Ainger, the biographer of Lamb, had much of Lamb's fondness for verbal quibbling. His couplet in praise of "Taine's English Literature" is well known among scholars:

While English critics their chill wits were straining
Lo, enter Taine, and all was entertaining!

—Boston Post.

A Straight Tip.

Geck (who has already wearied the guests with many songs)—Now I will sing you one more song and then go home. Lady—Pardon me, but do you attach much importance to the order of your programme?—Fliegende Blatter.

Just Believes In It.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day."

"How much have you saved?"

"Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Enlightened.

Inquisitive Passenger—And what is that curious thing you are carrying? Sailor (with winch crank)—This, mum? It's the crank what they use for winding up the dog watch.—Judge.

In the Family.

Ethel—Why did you take off your hat to that girl? You don't know her, do you? Jack—No—er—but my brother does, and this is his hat.—Princeton Tiger.

Man is the only animal that knows nothing, that can learn nothing, without being taught.—Pliny.

Red Tape In Germany.

The following is an illustration of the beauties of bureaucratic administration in Germany:

It appears that in the postoffice department at Berlin, if a clerk wishes a new lead pencil, he must turn in to the proper authority the stump of the one that has become too short for further use. In one case a clerk received his new pencil without returning the end of the old one, and before this error was discovered this clerk had been transferred to another office. Shortly after the assumption of his duties at his new post this clerk received an official intimation that he had neglected to turn in his pencil end. By this time, however, the end had disappeared. In order to avoid official reprimand, the resourceful clerk purchased a new pencil, cut off a piece about the length of the missing end and dispatched it to the stationery department. Everybody was accordingly satisfied.—Harper's Weekly.

When Swinburne Was Ready.

A diverting picture of Swinburne, his frock coat bulging with manuscript, waiting to be asked to read aloud his latest poem, is given in Edmund Gosse's "Portraits and Sketches."

After floating about the room and greeting his host and hostess with many little becks of the head and affectionate smiles and light wavings of the fingers, he would settle at last upright on a chair, or by preference on a sofa, and sit there in a state of rigid immobility, the toes of one foot pressed against the heel of the other. Then he would say in an airy, detached way, as though speaking of some absent person, "I have brought with me my 'Thalassius' or my 'Wasted Garden' (or whatever it might happen to be), which I have just finished." Then he would be folded again in silence, looking at nothing. We then were to say, "Oh, do please read it to us! Will you?"

Pairing Off For Dinner.

The custom of walking to the dining room arm in arm, "taking a lady in to dinner," strange though it may seem, is comparatively modern, as prior to the middle of the eighteenth century it was the custom for the hostess to go in to dinner first, the ladies following in order of rank and the gentlemen after, all in single file, also in the order of rank, the host being last. This, however, gave rise to so many duels on questions of precedence both among the ladies and the gentlemen that the custom of "pairing off" was begun in order that no dispute might arise, it being one of the customs of society that no duel challenge could be given in the presence of the lady concerning whom the dispute had arisen.—New York American.

Medical Fees In Bygone Days.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the usual fees to physicians and surgeons in England were "to a graduate in physick, his due is about 10 shillings, though he commonly expects or demands 20 shillings. Those that are only licensed physicians, their due is no more than 6s. 8d., though they commonly demand 10 shillings.

"A surgeon's fee is 12 pence a mile, be his journey near or far, 10 groats to set a bone broke or out of joint and for letting blood a shilling; the cutting or amputation of any limb is £5, but there is no settled fee for the cure." The system of regulating the fee according to the pocket of the patient is almost as old as history.—Westminster Gazette.

The Old Bedlam.

Bethlehem (pronounced Bedlam), the London lunatic asylum, was originally founded in 1247 as a priory, but is spoken of as a hospital for lunatics in 1472, and when the church was despoiled it was granted to the city of London as such an asylum. At one time the wretched inmates were exhibited to the public like so many wild beasts, as Pepys notes in his diary and Hogarth shows in one of his sketches. Patients that were harmless or half cured were given badges and released to beg on the streets. Edgar in "King Lear" impersonates one of these wandering Tom-o'-Bedlams.

Man's Dual Nature.

The professorial mind for all its acuteness is liable to occasional lapses, like less highly trained intellects. One amusing case in point is reported in the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

A certain professor was struggling to make the point that both parents have an equal influence upon a child.

"For," he continued gravely, "a man is as much the son of his father as he is the daughter of his mother."

Law and Poetry.

A lawyer can put 1,000 words together and make them worth $1,000. That's legal ability.

A poet can put 1,000 words together and make them worth fifteen plunks, payable on publication. That's poetry.—Washington Herald.

Corrected.

The Doctor—But, my dear sir, you must masticate your food. What were your teeth given you for? The Sufferer (calmly)—They weren't given me. I bought 'em.—London Sketch.

A Chinese Oath.

"In China the oath of brotherhood is taken by breaking a cup."

"If that worked in this country our cook would be sealed to us for life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What It Was.

Gusher—Everybody is crazy about this house. Busher—What is it—a swell hotel? Gusher—No. It's a private lunatic asylum.—Chaparral.

Norway and Trotting Horses.

From tales of travel and other sources of information it appears that Norway was one of the first countries to develop speed in the trotting horse, which centuries ago seems to have been common to the nations of northern Europe. Sigvried Petersen says that as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century there were informal trotting races in Christiana. The principal name in the history of the sport is that of Jacob Meyer, chief of the royal mounted militia, who was born in 1781. He owned the noted horse Sleijner-Varg that on March 15, 1829, trotted an English mile in 2:37 and repeated in the same time. This was faster than any horse had then trotted in America, so far as is known. In Sweden and in Finland the sport of trotting horses dates back, it is said, to prehistoric times. With long winters and nothing else to do the people raced their horses to sleighs on the ice. Sunday morning was the great occasion, men and horses coming from miles around to take part in or witness the sport.—New York Herald.

Her Early Life In Germany.

In her book entitled "Scenes and Memories" Walburga Lady Paget has this to say of her early life in Germany: "We ran about without shoes or stockings in the grass; we wore a minimum of clothes; in summer we were plunged into the river, a wide and rushing mountain stream; in winter we had to break the ice in our tubs and our nurses dashed basins of icy water over our backs. I can still feel the thin bits of ice mixed with the water slithering down over me. A fire in our bedrooms was never thought of, and the schoolroom was never more than 9 degrees Reaumur (52 F.). I was fourteen or fifteen before I knew what it was to have something to drink at breakfast, as I did not like milk. Bread, with a little butter, was all I ever had. An egg for a child, if it was not ill, was considered quite absurd. Between meals we were given abundance of fruit."

Romance of a Picture.

Half a century ago a medical student lodging in London so ingratiated himself in the eyes of his landlady that on his departure for Hobart to practice she asked him to accept a souvenir of his London home, and he took a picture which had been in his sitting room. This picture remained in his house for upward of forty years without attracting any particular notice, but then its hour struck, for a visitor detected merit in it and advised the owner to forward a description of it to London. He did so, and the picture, which turned out to be a Romney, fetched 3,500 guineas. The best of the story is that the Tasmanian editor who printed an account of the matter gave the price as 350 guineas, saying that he did so because he did not believe that any picture could be worth the larger sum.—London Sphere.

Time He Quit.

"See here, young man," said the angry father, "how many times have I told you that I don't want you to call on my daughter?"

"Oh," replied the suitor coolly, "about twenty."

"Well," said the exasperated parent, "don't you think that's about enough?"

"Yes, I do," was the reply. "When are you going to quit?"—Magazine of Fun.

Remedies That Don't Remedy.

"What's the matter, old top?"

"Lumbago."

"I have a remedy I wish you'd try."

"I'll put your remedy on my waiting list. At my present rate of progress I'll get to it in about two years."—Kansas City Journal.

An Expert.

Tommy—Pop, what is an expert? Tommy's Pop—An expert, my son, is a person who is able to impress us with how little we really know.—Philadelphia Record.

Against His Principle.

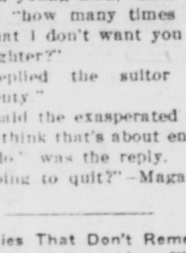
"My grocer won't sue me if I don't pay him."

"How's that?"

"He never adopts legal measures."—Judge.

A Logical Cure.

The venom of bees is now employed as a cure for ophthalmia. Nothing really opens a fellow's eyes like being well stung.—Washington Post.



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SEALED PROPOSALS.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

State Highway Department

HARRISBURG, PA.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the State Highway Department in the Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Pa., until ten o'clock on the morning of July 31st, 1913, when bids will be publicly opened, and scheduled for the reconstruction of 4975 lineal feet of telford macadam road, 16 feet wide, situated as follows: From the tracks of the N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad, Station OXOO, through Sugar Camp to the farm of John Pincok, Station 49X75, under the Act of Assembly approved May 31, 1911, P. L. 468. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg; 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 2117 Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh, and Clearfield Trust Company Building, Clearfield, Pa. Each bid must be made upon a blank furnished by the State Highway Department, accompanied by a certified check in the sum of $1500, and enclosed in a separate sealed envelope, which blank and envelope will be furnished upon request, marked: "PROPOSAL FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A SECTION OF ROAD IN SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP, CENTRE COUNTY."

EDWARD M. BIGELOW,
State Highway Commissioner.

It Cures While you Wak.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It instantly takes the sting out of corns, itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, aching feet. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25c. Tril package FREE Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Executor's Notice.

InEstate of Nancy C. Brower, late fo Benner Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to

J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
Executor,
7-10-6t Bellefonte, Pa.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE
Crider's Stone Bl'dg
High Street,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wolf & Hile

Brick-Layers

Work done by the hour or on Contract.

WILLIAM WOLF,
P. O. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. O. HILE,
P. O. Pleasant Gap, Pa.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

Do not forget when in Bellefonte, that we have a room for the convenience of women visitors. We shall be glad to have it used.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P B C RIDER & SON

Office, Yardland Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Harry E. Fenlon,
FIRE INSURANCE.
Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa.

A. A. Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East Hight St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10. 6	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.31
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.		
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35		f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40		.....
	Strubles	f 7.45		3.30
	State College	8.00		f 5.08
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles			f 5.25
	Briarly	f		5.37
	Fillmore	f		f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.43
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.49
	Morris	f 8.37	....	f 5.49
	Coleville	8.46	.....	f 5.54
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
Dreer's Garden Book
AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
Call or Write *Mailed Free*
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH, TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Chautauqua opens today.

The Misses Hoy entertained at dinner on Tuesday.

Herbert Beezer is camping down Fishing Creek with his uncle, Ben. Tate.

Mrs. J. Herbert Robb gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Brisbin.

Miss Margaret Stewart has returned home from WilkesBarre, where she visited for a time with her brother, Dr. Walter Stewart.

Mrs. Alfred McIsiac and Mrs. L. T. Carpenter, of Lock Haven, spent Monday in Bellefonte.

Eckenroth, the painter, is freshening up the exterior of the Bush House with a coat of red paint.

J. N. Brooks, of Pleasant Gap, is visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Harry Gentzell, at Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henry, of Mackeyville, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Brownlee, in Tyrone.

"Cydonine" will protect your complextion from damaging winds, dust and sun—Price 25c, at Green's.

Colonel and Mrs. Hugh S. Taylor are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blanchard are entertaining Mrs. Blanchard's sister, Miss Isabelle Merriman, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Shuey returned home on Tuesday, after a delightful pleasure trip of two weeks in Canada.

The congregation of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, last, held services on the chapel lawn.

Hugh N. Crider accompanied Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bergstresser in their car to Pittsburgh, returning home on Tuesday.

James Harris came up from Reading last Sunday to visit here until Sunday, next, with Mrs. Harris and the children.

Mrs. Benjamin Bradley entertained at dinner at her home in honor of her sister, Mrs. Charles Hollar, of Philadelphia.

Margaret and Geraldine Noonan departed last Saturday for Corning, N. Y., where they are visiting with their aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns Crider and children will depart next week for Bethlehem, where they will visit for several weeks.

Mrs. John W. Conley, of Centre Hall, and Miss Mittie Lucas, of Howard, will arrive today to visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley.

Mrs S. A. Saterfield and Mrs. S. H. Williams departed on Tuesday for Williamsport, where they are visiting with friends for a few days.

Terrence Murray had the misfortune to fall down stairs last week, fracturing three ribs and badly cutting his head. He is in a serious condition.

Mrs. Eva McClellan, who has been visiting for five weeks with her daughters Alice and Carrie at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Robb, near Coleville, returned on Sunday night to their home in Columbus, Ohio.

We do not hear of any of our old soldiers being any the worse for their hot week at Gettysburg and they are unanimous in saying they would not have missed it for the few remaining years of their lives, that it was most inspiring and will do more good than anything else to cement the North and South in better bonds than ever.

The stone walls have been finished at the Academy and the roof is being put on. Twenty carpenters have been engaged and the finishing will go on rapidly. The grading will take quite a while, but it certainly will make a fine improvement in that end of our pretty town. Additional retaining walls are being built around the rear and when graded and sodded will give the rear of the academy grounds a very nice appearance also.

George T. Bush has accepted the agency of the famous Clark tours to the Orient and in particular the "Around The World Tour," booked to leave New York on January 14, 1915, sailing east and touching the principal ports to San Francisco for the Exposition, then down around through the Panama Canal to New York. The trip will take nearly four months, arriving home in New York May 10th. There have been over two hundred booked already who have paid the small fee for first choice of rooms, and the trip promises to be a great success. Mr. Bush vouches for the completeness of every detail.

The Merchants Association have thoroughly billed the fence rails in the surrounding country for ten miles out with yellow paper slogans for the people to do their buying in Bellefoute. The people are beginning to realize that it is better to deal with your neighbors and fellow taxpayers than to send the money away and especially when so often they are fooled in the quality and the side costs which makes it more in cost often than they would have to pay at home for the same grade of goods. It is always best to try at home first to see if you can't get the same articles for the same money than to buy the sugar bait headed lots of goods which make you take so much high priced stuff your neither want nor need.

Mrs. John Olewine has a new Cadillac car.

J. Herbert Robb was a visitor to Sunbury on Tuesday.

Edith Otto is visiting with her grandmother, Mrs. Nolan.

Mrs. Jack Lane entertained at cards on Tuesday evening.

Dr. L. B. Woodcock, of Scranton, is visiting here with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hickok departed today for a ten days' trip to Canada.

Mrs. Ballieu and daughter Una are guests of Mrs. Bogle for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison Walker will depart tomorrow on a motor trip to DuBois.

Mrs. George Robb, of near Coleville, has been quite ill but now is greatly improved.

Democratic County Chairman A. B. Kimport was a Harrisburg visitor on Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. Robert Reed are visiting with the latter's sister, Mrs. John Olewine.

Mrs. Fern Minnemeyer underwent an operation at the Bellefonte hospital last Saturday.

Last Wednesday evening Miss Jennie Irvin entertained with four tables at five hundred.

E. P. Irvin on Sunday motored to Bellefonte with a party of friends from Cherry Tree.

Mrs. Patsy Stewart is entertaining Mrs. L. B. Shaw and Mrs. Edith Sutton, of Riddlesburg.

Frederick and Philip Reynolds last Thursday motored to Eaglesmere to be gone one week.

James Pierpont, of Philadelphia, spent the week-end with Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff.

Isadore Baum, now residing at Coffeeville, Kansas, is home on a visit with his father, Abe Baum.

Mrs. Joseph Baker, of Newport, Pa. is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. George F. Harris.

The American Lime & Stone Co. is building ten new kilns along the line of the Bellefonte Central.

Miss Sara Hastings entertained on Saturday evening in honor of the house guests of Miss Elizabeth Morris.

Miss Hazel Dukeman entertained a number of friends at her home on Lamb street on Tuesday evening.

Gone back to smoking? Have you ever tried "Black & White"? Nothing better at 5c. You can get it at Green's.

Mrs. Wilfred Miller departs today for Atlantic City, where she will visit with her mother, Mrs. Rachel Williams.

Mrs. Charles Moerschbacher and daughters, Acelia and Bertha, departed on Wednesday for a visit to Freeland, Pa.

Miss Onmacht has so far recovered her health that last Friday she was able to make a business trip to State College.

John G. Dubbs, the well known implement dealer, has a new ad in "The Republican" this week. Better look it over.

Miss Thomas joined her sister, Mrs. Lane, in Harrisburg and accompanied her to "Old Sweet," Virginia, for the month.

Miss Rebecca Jacobs, who had been visiting for some time with her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Crider, departed on Tuesday for Mifflin.

Mrs. C. M. Parrish entertained at cards on Monday evening in honor of her sister, Mrs. Howard Gearhart, of Coatesville.

Mr. and Mrs. Capacina and son will leave for home tomorrow, after a delightful visit of two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Totsock.

Miss Lillian Walker is home from West Chester and will spend the summer here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Miles Walker.

Mrs. Frank Warfield and daughter Mary returned home on Monday from Chicago, where they had been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shreyer.

Mrs. Frederick Topelt and son, of Brooklyn, arrived in Bellefonte on Wednesday and are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Brouse.

Mrs. Blackburn and children and nurse, who have been with Col. and Mrs. J. L. Spangler for a month, departed on Wednesday for Fishertown, Pa.

Mrs. George R. Meek departed yesterday for Dowingtown. After a brief stay there she will go to Middletown, N. J., where she will visit with Mrs. Ernest Taylor.

Miss Emma Aiken motored from Selinsgrove to Buffalo with her cousin, Claude Aiken and is visiting at the latter place with her sister, Mrs. George B. Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moore and Mrs. S. C. Burnside arrived today to spend the week-end at the Country Club. Mr. Moore will join friends along Fishing Creek for a few days.

M. M. Morris, Jr., chemist for the American Lime & Stone Co. recently returned from a business trip to the Knickerbocker Lime Co. at Philadelphia and the Charles Warner Co. at Sleepy Hollow.

Green's confectionery case is filled with celebrated Guth and Liggett chocolates.

Trout season closes July 31st. Frequent rains have destroyed fishing in the last ten days.

Charles Heickel, of near Howard, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office on Monday. He was enroute to State College, where he spent the day.

Mrs. Robert Morris entertained with a bridge luncheon on Saturday. With her little son, Alexander G. Morris, 3d, she expects to depart on Monday to spend the summer at her parental home in Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Valentine are chaperoning a party at "Purdue Lodge", their guests including Mrs. Bruce Burlingame, Miss White, Miss Catherine Curtin and Stanley Valentine.

Company L, N. G. P., returned home last Saturday afternoon from the annual encampment at Selinsgrove. The boys expressed themselves as well pleased with the camp. All returned home in the best of health.

Mrs. Ralph Mallory and children returned the latter part of last week from Philadelphia. They were accompanied by Mrs. Mallory's brother, Malin Murphy, who will remain in Bellefonte for the summer.

David J. Jenkins, of Detroit Mich., accompanied by his daughter, Miss Alice Jenkins, of Milton, visited on Friday and Saturday of last week with Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth, stopping over here enroute to Detroit.

About 35 friends of William Rote, assembled at his home on Haf-Moon hill on Tuesday evening and helped him celebrate his birthday anniversary. The party was arranged by his parents as a surprise. All present had a delightful time.

Miss Margaret Cook was slightly injured in a runaway accident one day last week. She was driving a livery rig in Alleghany Street and when nearby the Wilkinson home the shaft broke. The horse started on a run and was not stopped until it reached the Masonic home. Miss Cook was not thrown out but sustained some painful bruises about the head and body.

At St. John's Lutheran church on Sunday, next, services will be held as follows: Sabbath school, 9.30 a m.; morning worship and sermon, 10. 45 a m. On account of the Chautauqua there will be no Christian Endeavor or evening vesper service. Catechetical instructions every Thursday evening at 7.30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. You are cordially invited to these services. W. R. Fitzgerald, Supply Pastor.

Miss Grace Blackford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Blackford, of New Castle, is enjoying a visit of several weeks in Bellefonte and nearby places. A part of the time she has spent with her mother's folks, the Bowmasters, at Unionville. Before returning home she will visit in Curwensville and Butler. Miss Grace graduated from school this year and her trip to Bellefonte is an appreciation gift from her father, who will be recalled as a former Bellefonte boy.

Mrs. M. L. Duncan Dead.

Mrs. Mary Louise, widow of the late Robert H. Duncan, formerly of Philipsburg, and the mother, of A. H. Duncan, of that place, died at midnight, Thursday, July 10th, at her home in Washington, D. C., the result of infirmities incident to advanced years.

The deceased was the second daughter of Dr. James S. Dougal, Milton, a prominent physician in the pioneer days of that flourishing river town. She was born in that place on Dec. 29, 1828, making her age 84 years, 6 months and 12 days.

About 55 years ago the deceased was married to Robert H. Duncan, of Spring Mills, who passed away about five years ago, and to whom six children were born, three of whom survive, viz: D. W., employed in the postoffice department at Washington, D. C., Louise D., wife of Edward G. Kennedy, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and A. H., of Philipsburg.

In her early life she united with the Presbyterian church, and has since been a faithful member of that religious body.

The body was taken to Milton, where interment was made on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Issac Lykens	Benore.
Maud Derr	Pleasant Gap.
James F. Confer	Spring Mills
Edith M.Confer	" "
Andy Torcvk	Cato
Annie Puskar	"
John Nicholl	Hawk Run
Rebecca Saithe	Point Look Out

Do You Have a Son?

Would you like your son to study agriculture, manual training and book-keeping, and at the same time fit himself to teach? Do you know that if he is over seventeen years of age he is entitled to $60.00 per year from the State to pay his tuition in a Normal School? Do you know that when he graduates he will receive from $75.00 to $100.00 per month salary as a teacher? Why not send him to the Lock Haven State Normal School next fall? Good board, furnished room, washing, electric light, steam heat, etc., at a rate cheaper than you can furnish it at your own home. Send for particulars and illustrated catalog to Dr. George P. Singer, Principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

You Can Find Sales and Sales--But The One True

Reduction Sale

You'll find here new Merchandise--of the latest style and the Sim high quality now greatly reduced for quick clearance.

Every Suit--Every pair of Trousers in the store--included in these reductions--elegant selections--

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

		Sale Price			Sale Price
$10.00	Suits	$7.85	$22.50	Suits	$16.00
12.50	"	9.85	25.00	"	18.75
15.00	"	11.25	28.00	"	20.00
18.00	"	13.50	30.00	"	22.50
20.00	"	14.50	35.00	"	26.00

SIM THE CLOTHIER

BELLEFONTE, STATE COLLEGE

Montgomery's Twice A Year

BIG REDUCTION SALE

If you know us that's all you will ask to hear

If you are still among our Friends-to-be it is a splendid opportunity to become acquainted with us. It is a sale of all our remaining summer suits, which we know will bring happiness to all who attend. We never carry anything over.

Former $30 $28 and $25 suits now selling at $20.

Former $22 and $20 suits now selling at $15.

Former $18 and $15 suits now selling at $12.50.

Former $12 and $10 suits now selling at $8.50.

Montgomery & Co.